THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE. SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND IT.
J. A. WILLIAMS. ENG.

THE BETTER WAY

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. "CREEDS WITHOUT VIRTUE ARE PALTERING VANITIES." ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

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THE DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Discourse delivered by Mr. J. Clegg Wright before the First Society of Spiritualists, at Adelphi Hall, New York, Sunday Morning, Oct. 20th, 1889.

Specially Reported for the Better Way.

The duties and obligations of Spiritualists all lie within the bounds of the law. There are no duties and no obligations binding upon the conscience of Spiritualists antagonistic to the constitution of the United States and to its Commonwealths. These duties and obligations lie within the established law and never can be in antagonism—in active, hostile antagonism to the spirit of progress and liberty. There are systems of religion in the world that educate differently, and claim a superiority over the state. They stand before patriotism. The moral obligations are superior to the obligations of law, social state or order, but it is not so with Spiritualism. Spiritualism is a religion, but it is a religion hardly in any sense like the rest of the religions of the world. Religion, as it has been known in the past, always had to have a priest—Spiritualism has no priest. Spiritualism has barely a name, it is a boneless organization. Spiritualism is in the state in which we find the jelly fish, it has no bones; and it is like the Scotch terrier, which is so hairy that you can hardly tell which is the head and which is the tail. It is a growth, without any visible, active executive, devoid of organization, and yet we have to say this morning something about personal duty and personal obligation. But these duties and these obligations at the present seem to be so thin and so far away, so atmospheric in character that it will take a little effort on my part to get them into position for a definition. But in order to do so I will make a few historical generalizations, setting forth the cause of what may seem to be the chaos of the present time,

The civilization of New England is the outcome of Puritanism. The egoistic religion of Puritanism was extremely severe and imposed social penalties of a hard and serious nature. It has taken two hundred years to make Puritanism sensible, to make it at all likeable, to put it at all into a reasonable, progressive state. It was an exaltation of the individual conscience. The sacredness of the human conscience was a feature, a late feature in the middle part of the Reformation, and a powerful factor in the spread of civil and religious liberty. On the one side it made Cromwell and on the other George Fox. It made strong men, stalwart men, it made men of stern individuality. It had little of the communistic spirit in it. Puritanism was not socialistic but it was individualistic, and man's conscience became the criterion upon which he based his conduct. The standard of conduct being reduced to individualism made it an aggressive force in civilization. The spirit of noncônformity led to a spirit of republicanism, a phase of republicanism though, apart from communistic ideas. Hence, we get the Presbyterian republic in the Federal form of union presented in the political institutions of this country.

Now these ideas are underlying, they are basic, and out of these conditions spring up a still more decided, outspoken, intelligent progress. It was an abortive effort on the part of the Puritans to stop intellectual advancement. When a man begins to develop himself it is useless to put up a barrier to differentiation. It cannot be done. It has been said that it is very easy for a man, a demagogue, a powerful thinker, to loosen the bands which tie up order. conduct and society, and let the ball of revolution roll. It is easy to do that, but it is not easy to curb the war-horse, or silence the artillery when once human passion is aroused. It is very easy to start a fire, but a very difficult thing to put it out. It was a very easy thing for Martin Luther to drive a nail into the coffin of the priesthood, but one nail was not sufficient. Year after year, century after century, have rolled away, and they have been putting nails into the coffin of theological and ecclesiasticism and dogmatism, and it will continue until the Pope is dead and the Archbishop of Canterbury is no more.

This tendency of the ball of liberty to roll is like the tendency of a stone from Pike's Peak to roll down the mountain, which gains in momentum every foot of its descent. And as liberty rolls on, intellectual freedom expands, and with accelerated speed makes for the valley of future progress. towards which we are rapidly passing. Puritanism could not stop the tide—it was a link in the chain of progress, it was a voice in the starlit night of progress, shouting and making ready for another voice.

And so we have come on. A medium in the days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony would have been a witch. To-day she is a medium and the witch character is dead. The same thing, but another name and another system of ideas, gathered round this same character in nature. Men are ever changing the estimates they make of things, of principles and of circumstances. So that chaos comes—we are in chaos now—this chaos produced by individualism; and it is a phase of chaos, disorder and antagonism. It is a struggle, and, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to comprehend that intellectual struggle, intellectual action and friction of thought is the healthiest state into which the individual and society can pass, so long as fashion is kept out. It is a necessary accompaniment of progress. Nature is ever man's guide. The gospel of nature is the eternal gospel. It is an evitable teacher, it is an eternal voice, the artillery which will never be silenced on the ramparts of time. Nature! And the sooner man squares his life, his conduct, his hope, his admiration, his love in harmony with the laws of nature the better.

What is a law of nature? Just for a minute. What is a law of nature? Is it something that you can put under your arm and carry away? Is a law of nature an entity? Is a law of nature a principle? A law of nature is a habit. Nature has fixed habits—this power, this inscrutable, eternal, mysterious mental power ignorance called God. Philosophy has not found a name. Power—that which crystalizes the quartz, that which makes a drop of water, that which makes a blade of grass, a man, a soul—power—works according to fixed habits, and when man conforms to those eternal habits he is doing his duty, not till then. So that this struggle which man is making is a struggle to define.

A definition is only possible when man comprehends all the habits and all the correlations which the parts make before the whole is built up. Before we can understand nature we must know nature in its parts. Science is the study of the parts of nature, and science is the knowledge of those parts, how they arrange themselves in the totality of phenomena, and these duties which the intellect of man have to perform arise out of the relations in which man stands to his constitution and eternal nature.

Spiritualism affirms that this conscious, personal, continuous existence that we name man or soul, out of its constitution and its eternal relationships forms duties, and that these constitutional relationships impose obligations. It is an overwhelming obligation and duty to any man to seek to understand himself—to understand himself in his parts, to understand the parts and how they combine to produce the man. So that a true system of education involves a study of the whole domain of anthropology. Man in the past, man now, man in his anatomical, physiological and mental aspects. Education involves thought, and Modern Spiritualism is an attempt at the comprehension and the elucidation of the problems of a continuous existence. Not only of the problems but also of the habits of ascertained experience relating to that life as it exists consciously, apart from body, from brain and nerve. There is a world out there in nature without a visible brain. There is a conscious man in nature without a nerve, there is a conscious man out there in nature without a physical body, but he lives upon the plane of thought crystalization as much as silicate, as much as iron, as much as a tree in the valley, or a tissue or nerve in the constitution of man.

This mighty self-conscious, self-developing spirit out there in nature stands related, constitutionally conditioned by a magnetic atmosphere which likewise conditions the man in the physical state. Upon the magnetic plane of being two modes of consciousness touch each other—man touches spirit and spirit touches man. This is a new development of thought, a new discovery of thought, not known to the intelligence of the remoter ages in the sense in which we describe it and know it. The Puritan had the idelstic and egoistic expression of the religious sentiment, but Spiritualism is seeking the broad, intellectual and scientific expression of the religious sentiment. For religious sentiment hypothesized this central idea. A continuance of existence involves in itself moral and intellectual duties of the highest character. The world of Spiritualism affirms the adequacy of the sentiment of immortality as a foundation stone for a religious devotion. For religious devotion forms upon the immortality, the continuous existence of a soul, yet necessarily immortality involves the expunging of an arbitrary deity or power from nature. With existence dependent upon the arbitrary function of a deity it might be different. Then the religious sentiment would be based upon the will of divinity. But when we affirm that nature involves a necessary immortality for man, why, that declaration expunges the arbitrary character of deity, and you have to seek another foundation for the religious sentiment. So that the very spirit, the very essence of a scientific demonstration of a continuous life beyond the grave kills every religion the world has ever seen in the past by removing its base.

On the contrary, Frederic B. Harrison maintains that some kind of deific idea is necessary for a religion, that without that there can be no religion, that atheism cannot be religion, that agnosticism cannot be religion—religion must have a deific affirmation.

But Modern Spiritualism, in logical essentials, takes another ground. It takes the ground that man is naturally immortal, and if man be naturally immortal, that immortality is a necessity. And deific superintendence is put out of court and the law of nature comes into its place.

So that this great and grand development of thought has come at last. I cannot force this thought upon every man present, I do not want to. It would be wrong for me to force a thought at all. My mission to you this morning is to make you think better than you have thought before. To make you reason. Not to coerce you not to force you, not imputing your judgment, but to enable you by a logical process of thought to climb from step to step, from growth to growth, from spiritual perception to spiritual perception, until you attain to the sovereignty of individual reason and consciousness. Then we have this new phase upon this basis, that man is necessarily an immortal spirit. If man were not necessarily an immortal spirit there might be conditions in nature which would some time come which would end his existence. Then immortality would not be a necessary fact in nature. Immortality is either a necessary fact or it is not a necessary fact. If it be not a necessary fact there is a problem for a century, but that man is necessarily immortal is sustained by the fact that he survives the change of death and the persistent nature of his habits as far as spiritual experience can go. So that the logical faculties say that this man, this conscious, man proceeds, that he necessarily exists. That is to say, that for his existence he is not dependent upon another existence.

Then this is the basis of the religion of Spiritualism—the necessary existence of the soul after the death of the body. Is this postulate large enough, is it big enough on which to put the religious sentiment? Now I maintain that it is, that it is a grander postulate than the world has ever seen before. More or less this postulate has entered into all the religious systems of the world. Man cannot get on without it; it is a sense of vitativeness. I want to live. The child on its mother's lap will resist the aggressor, it will defend itself—the combative instinct comes into play. The combative instinct is as necessary for man's happiness and progress as the benevolent sentiment is necessary for his harmony and joy. Man is as much a fighter as a prayer. Man is necessarily a fighter to defend the capabilities of his nature, to defend the rights of his constitution. I don't mean those bloody fields that the world has seen too much of. The soldier's work is unreasonable work, mad work, wherever done. To reason is to live. I want the arbitration of all questions in those disputes between reasonable men, and this religious sentiment is broad enough and grand enough and rich enough on which to base the moral sentiment of duty and of obligation.

But I will not round my theme this morning upon the purely ethical part of my subject, upon the general rules of human conduct. These are grave and important, but I have closer work to do. I have to come nearer to your consciousness, I have to limit the circumference of the inquiry and define strictly the nature of the problem. You are Spiritualists. Then you have avowed the necessary existence of man after the death of the body, you have avowed it by no *a priori* method of reasoning. You have discarded Descartes, you have thrown off Butler, you have thrown away Plato. For Plato you have handed up Aristotle and this Platonic philosophy you have set entirely on one side. No, I made a mistake, though you are Spiritualists you are not all alike, and I have the greatest respect for those who are the disciples of the idealistic, the unsubstantial and transcendental Plato. Plato had a magnificent soul. He lived in an age of classic forms, of barbarian beauty, far removed from the age in which you live. No man of thought had so much to do with the creation of Christian civilization as Plato. Plato had more to do with the shaping of Grecian and Roman Christianity than the man of Nazareth. Plato had more of the making of the Church of Rome than the Apostle Paul. But don't tell anybody that, because I wouldn't have them know it for the world.

Well, then, we circumscribe this definition of the problems of what are duties and obligations of Spiritualists now. We have told you this is chaos in relation to the demonstration of forms of phenomena. Now this is a work that is very important. It is very important to strictly know what you mean when you say "phenomena." Or refer to the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. Now surely there is a distinction in the meaning of these two words. A fact is that which appears always the same to all when viewed. A fact is that which follows necessarily certain conditions. Facts we may know, but it does not follow that we know them in all their parts. The fact of the phenomenon of the universe does not become any less because the cause of the universe is mysterious. The fact of the universe does not lead us to any antecedent. We cannot go. Inference has no business to go into the world of mystery because then it only deals with the creations of imagination.

Well, then, by phenomena we mean those powers which are found in nature that proceed out of a cause, these powers which all understand with difficulty. When we know a thing in its parts it becomes a fact. Phenomena we do not know in all their parts, we do not see how they occur or how they are produced, how they unfold. Now there is the crystalization process in a bar of iron. You do not see whether it is a quality or an entity. You have called it into existence, to explain the reason why things change their places and yet whether this is an entity is as much beyond your power as God, or all those subtle forces which you recognize as present in the phenomena; your consciousness does not bring you into the necessary contact with cause.

When phenomena are present in Spiritualism they need further and further investigation until they become facts—describable. Now stop a minute. The demonstration of the phenomenon is not the demonstration of the cause. You do not see or perceive the cause of phenomena. Now you perceive the cause when you see a man building a house. You see the phenomena of the house and you see the man building the house—both the cause and the effect. But Spiritualism is dealing with phenomena for which you have no consciousness of the cause. The cause you have to unfold. Well, now, this is the position, and your first duty is to demonstrate the facts and phenomena. (Applause.) Your duty is to demonstrate these facts and phenomena by working in harmony with the best conditions for the production of the facts and phenomena. A man who goes to work to produce phenomena in a different way from that which nature has dictated would be pronounced a poor scientist. A man can only discover facts in nature by conforming to the habits of nature. And these habits or laws must be met to the letter before the phenomenon or fact is possible for us to know. Anything in the procedure, any dictatorial manner of investigating the phenomena not in harmony with the nature of the phenomena and their constitution is hindering the process and not helping it. Then modern Spiritualism demands as a duty the accurate and minute observation, first of all, of the conditions for investigating these phenomena. The fitness, the intellectual and spiritual fitness, for investigating. A chemist may be a good chemist, but his fitness or unfitness in his own domain is no qualification to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism on that basis only. A man may understand the judicial methods of the courts of New York, but he may be no more fit to investigate the phenomena than a shoemaker. There is fitness needed. Before a man can be made into a carpenter he must understand the use of his tools. He must know the habits and nomenclature of the trade, he must be skilled in the methods of the trade, or he will not be a good carpenter; and good suitable persons are wanted to investigate the phenomena and facts of Spiritualism. The psychic laws must be studied. How? By careful blundering upon the truth. If you want to teach a man how to swim put him into the water, and if you want to teach a man how to investigate Spiritualism put him into the circle room, but by all means put a muzzle on him, by all means stop him from talking. When a man attends his first seance he is equipped for a talker. He knows all. Every cobbler, after he has cobbled his first pair of boots is ready to be a statesman. Oh; yes! (Applause.)

Any man can make laws, but what kind of laws are they? If you constituted the assembly at Washington entirely of shoemakers the legislation would all be about leather. And it is for this reason, I say, that those men, and I speak of the scientists with the greatest respect, those men in the University of Pennsylvania, might be equipped, might be prepared on some planes of intellectual activity for investigating certain phenomena which I might name, but they had no intellectual or spiritual qualification for entering into the investigation and presenting a judgment upon the facts and and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. (Applause.) The investigation of subjects of this character cannot be formulated because you, as an investigator are a factor in the production of the phenomena. You are unconscious elements which enter into the building up of the phenomena which present themselves. Those who are wise have an influence upon the universe. It is wisdom that acts upon unwisdom. The ignorant have but little influence upon the learned; the learned have great ininfluence upon the ignorant. That that spiritual world must be recognized in the conditions just as much as the physical combinations of elements in this state. That the two forces must be welded together. Hence the difficulty and chaos.

There are certain lines of duty which cannot be abrogated on account of this chaos. There are certain intellectual duties which all men must follow, that is, to yield evidence. This duty can never be abrogated, the intellect must yield to evidence. Some minds require more evidence thad others. Some can believe without evidence. When you believe so, you are simply superstitious. those who are the least superstitious require the most evidence. But evidence conquers, it is irresistible, evidence triumphs over all the intellectual forces—the greatest powers overcome the weakest. So in the demonstration of your facts you have the potency for revolutionizing the thought of the world.

Then you have duties to each other. Your duties as investigators into the phenomena of Spiritualism are very important, and your first duty of all is to recognize your place and your fitness for your place. Your fitness, whether it be at the bottom of the table or the top—your fitness must be recognized. And want of fitness is a hindrance of progress. He who becomes the social king, who ought to be the social peasant, is an injury to the social world; he who stands in the pulpit when he ought to be in the pew, is shortening the limits of theological life. And who dares in the domain of spirit nature to stand where he has no fitness is a hinderance to the progress of science and the world. Then this fitness is to be discovered, and the evidence of the intellect is the best authority for discovering that personal fitness, and the success of the production of the phenomena is graduated by

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presses the most advanced thought consonant with the lingering hold that sect retains on the past. He says that as the old idea of heaven and hell were based on false theories of astronomy, the religious doctrines based thereon are without support. All, even the most sinful, he thinks will gain happiness at last, and there is room enough among the worlds of space for heaven.

Rev. Spinning, Presbyterian, says: "Heaven is character and hell is character. . . . I do not believe in a literal fire and brimstone hell, and I do not know of any one who does." From a Presbyterian standpoint this is a remarkable utterance. Had the Rev. Spinning uttered that speech twenty-five years ago he would have been hauled before the assembled representatives of his church, and if he did not recant would have been dismissed in disgrace. It is scarcely half that time since Henry Ward Beecher had to stand alone because he intimated that there was no personal devil, and the fires of hell were extinguished. Had he lived in the time of the great exponent of his creed, Jonathan Edwards, a little more than a century ago, he would have heard that celebrated divine thunder that terrible doctrine, that hell was paved with the skulls of infants not a span long.

What has wrought this wonderful change? What has dispelled the fear which our father's instilled in our minds, and made us, as children, shiver when the wind howled, in the darkness of night, of horned, cloven-hoofed devil, and turn pale at the thought of death and the judgment day? The Bible has remained the same. It has added nothing, suppressed nothing. Edwards proved his awful doctrines by its texts with a logical acumen no minister ever equalled or approached. For generations the belief in hell and a personal devil was made a test of Christian faith as much as that in heaven or God. Now according to Rev. Spinning, he nor anybody he knows—and he must be acquainted with all the ministers of his sect—believes not a word of it!

The world move! We rejoice that the ministry have plucked up courage to speak out and tell the people how far they have drifted—drifted in spite of the Bible anchor and the heavy cables of creeds and dogmas which chain them thereto. These old chains have rusted through and through, and break at the touch of the waves of thought. They were once strong as steel, and inexorable as fate; now as sand they hold no soul that dares assert itself, and claim the heaven-born right of thought.

Father Mackey, Catholic, has no need of argument. He affirms: "The Catholic is blessed with a certain and unerring criterion of revealed truth in the authoritative teachings of the Holy Ghost." He is utterly silent as to what its teachings are.

There were several other responses, but so like in tone to quote from them would be to repeat. We here have the best that the pulpits of the city of Cincinnati can offer on this subject of vital moment, and about which for two thousand years there has been eager disputation. The replies would average, probably with those which would come from the 80,000 pulpits of this country. There is no certainty, no argument, and the future is as full of doubts as though they had not devoted their lives to its elucidation. An hundred years ago there would have been no hesitancy in the assertion that hell was a pit of burning sulphur, and heaven a city paved with gold. Why the faltering and disagreement now? Is not the Bible the same? Is not its evidence the same? Yes, but the human mind has advanced. The light of knowledge has broken through the gloom of theology.

The spirit at birth sets out for perfection.

The worst use God could put an immortal being to would be eternal damnation in hell. If he thus sentenced a single suffering soul, creation would be a failure. The spasms of one such in hell would eclipse the sum of the fairest heaven.

Created for immortality, and the endless progress which reaches onward to ideal perfection.

The burdens, the scars, the stains, the earthward inclinations, the fever of passions, all, all, one by one, will be dropped on the journey.

Is there an infinite intelligence enthroned in the universe? Then to that center of light the spirit will at last arrive, pure, glorified, worthy of its parentage.

If you gain a resting place for thought by calling suffering, pain, error hell, and happiness, heaven, it may be well. It is one step onward from regarding them as places, but if you will look deeper and closer, you will see that however used these terms lead to misconception. The whole scheme of thought which they represent has passed away. The existence of a God who gave out rewards and punishments, like an omnipotent pedagogue or eastern tyrant, has no place in our consciousness. We have no necessity of going out of our way to vidicate God; nor fear of offending him. Ours is to be true to the laws of our being, and not by setting them at defiance offend ourselves.

As a last consideration, we know that Spiritualism, as publicly advocated, and by the silent yet potent influence of the departed directly or their friends in the church, who perhaps are wholly unconscious of their presence, has precipitated this great change, and we are assured that the end has not been yet reached.

Written for The Better Way.

PSYCHOMETRY--ITS WONDERS--PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

To be intelligently introduced to one's own soul is to go reverently into the presence of all the God the soul can ever realize.—A. J. Davis, in Penetralia.

I write this hoping it may be of use to your readers who are conversant with the facts of psychometry, and to others who have had but little experience with this phase of mental phenomena, and to also testify to the usefulness and correctness of Mr. Severance's delineations of character from a lock of hair, handwriting, or a photograph of any one desiring information of themselves on business matters, adaptation in marriage, etc.

Psychometry, or the power of measuring soul, or by means of which one soul measures another, is one of the most useful and beautiful phases of the Spiritual philosophy. Some think the word psycognomy should be used instead of psychometry. I understand the word to have reference to that refined, enlarged and exalted condition of soul which is attained through suffering and trial in the various phases of life, and especially in coming in contact with our fellow mortals.

In the sphere of the sense of sight is a sense which sees that which the usual sight cannot see, which is called clairvoyance, or clear seeing; in the sense of hearing is a sense which surpasses the ability of the common ear to hear, which is named clairaudience; also in the sense of feeling is one which transcends the ordinary feeling, called psychometry or psychognomy, if you choose.

I think there is also a sense of taste which surpasses the ordinary one and deals entirely with spiritual essences or qualities, and the same can be said of the sense of smell, which deals with spiritual aroma and which can detect at once by that sense alone the pure or impure atmosphere of persons. I won-

menced experimenting with psychometers in various parts of our country, and during that time I have received very instructive lessons from those who knew nothing of me or my family, except through the avenues of a lock of my hair or photograph. For a number of years it was a mystery to me by what subtle law those peculiar and very useful people could read my inmost thoughts, and tell so accurately my present and future movements. Their hidden powers and generous frankness fascinated me as much as the sublime pictures of prose and poetry of Hugo's "Les Miserables," Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyer," or Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh."

My first acquaintance with Mr. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., was in 1880. In five minutes after our introduction he locked arms with me and told things of my birth and life that no one knew but myself and mother. Soon after he wrote me a detailed delineation, telling of my habits, health, thoughts, likes, dislikes, and capabilities more correctly than my most intimate friends or relatives could have done. He seemed to see my aspirations, defeats and successes, and almost every beat of my heart. Since that time, I have known him intimately and tested his powers in various ways, and always with pleasure and instruction.

I have frequently sent him by mail, when a thousand miles away, a lock of hair, a single word of writing, or a photograph of some friend of whom he had never seen or heard, not knowing their name even, and received most satisfactory and accurate information and tests regarding them.

Last summer I received information of a friend, a woman of intellectual mind and refined tastes, whom I had never met. Mr. Severance was present at the time, but knew nothing of the contents of the letter nor of the person who wrote it. I folded and placed it in his hand, requesting him to tell me of the writer. He clasped it tightly, not even glancing at it, and proceeded to describe her minutely, her situation, prominent traits, and particularly the great love between her and an only daughter.

I wrote what he said and sent it to the mother. Since I came East last autumn I have visited mother and daughter and they told me that their nearest and dearest friends could not have described the mother and their loving relations as correctly. The daughter keeps the delineation, which I wrote as the words fell so gently and easily from his lips, in a beautiful box of treasures, as a souvenir, and hopes some time to see the person possessing such qualities of mind and susceptibilities.

Three years ago I sent him a simple word written by a man six hundred miles from Milwaukee. He returned a very accurate delineation, and among other things said: "I see you very active in work for the next six months, and then comes a change and a wider sphere, and a little later a period of rest, and then you will have some persecution in some way, but you will rise above it all." This has all come true, and particularly so regarding the persecution, though it was thought a very improbable thing by the man at the time.

I could give hundreds of instances of a similar nature that have come under my notice through him. Before closing I will say that neither Prof Severance nor any one else know anything of my writing this article. I have no axes to grind, to use a political phase, only the advancement of the human race to a better knowledge of the laws governing what is called good and evil, and I would have none think, from what I have said, that he is infallible.

He sometimes fails because conditions are not favorable, or other causes, perhaps best known to his guides, but it is a well attested fact that all who are calm and temperate in all things, mental and physical, and exercise their gifts with the main object of benefitting the race, as Mr. Severance does, seldom fail in giving valuable advice and information. Over and over again have I watched these experiments, particularly with him, and I must say that psychometry comes nearer being the one great power which can reveal to this superstitiously and religiously sick planet the "absolute good" than any other belonging to human nature, and it will yet be used as a great moral and mental power in the world.

Written for The Better Way.

OVER THE HOUSETOPS.

BY ALICE C. MALTBY, M. D.

books dealing with this and kindred subjects were read. Together they discussed the probability of spirit return.

I do not know if their intercourse could be called other than friendship, but they grew much attached to each other. One day Leo came into the room in a very playful mood. Some friend had given him a present, and laughingly holding up his hand to Eila's view, he said mischievously,

"Do you see that ring?" Well, the man you wed will wear a ring like that."

She laughed and caught his hand and looking at the ring, asked how he came by it and all about it. It was a plain gold ring with a square bloodstone set.

"I don't like a bloodstone ring," said she; it means "weary waiting!"

"Everything comes to the man who waits," said he with sudden gravity.

Time passed and these two found life's paths diverge. A few nights before, what was to be their final separation in this earth life, although they knew it not, they were talking together and something prompted them to do a most romantic thing.

They were talking once more about their different creeds and also of spirit return.

"How I wish we could know these things," said she. "If one of us should die when we are separated, who would care enough to let the other know?"

"I would come to you if I died first," Leo said earnestly.

She turned towards him with a sudden sadness

"I, too, would come to you were I the first to go."

A strange spell seem to come upon them; he reached his hand to her and she clasped his. "I swear it," said he, "and I, too, swear it," she said.

He dropped her hand and stood a moment in thought, then crossed the room to a table whereon was paper, selecting a sheet and wrote the substance of their oath upon it, then taking a small knife from his pocket he plunged the sharp point of it into his finger, a drop of rich blood welled up, dipping his pen in the crimson fluid he signed his name upon the sheet. Crossing the room to him, without a word, she signed her name also with the same blood. A shudder shook her as she turned away, and for a moment covered her face with her hands. He waited for her to regain her calmness.

"There is one thing yet to do," said he.

Folding the paper carefully he turned and held it to the gas get, and when it was all consumed he said, "'Tis between us and the angels."

Two days after this they parted never to meet again. Yet, no, ought I to say that? A year rolled away and the maiden of my story was waiting for a letter from her Jewish friend. They had not forgotten each other. No letter came, but a message from another said that he was very ill at home.

A week went by. Eila was weary with this waiting and went to her room to be alone. The shadows were falling and night was coming on, yet she sat alone in the twilight thinking. Suddenly she was conscious of a presence near her. She turned but saw no one. A touch upon her hand made her look down, and there extended towards her was a perfect hand—that and nothing more, but upon a finger of that hand shone a plain gold ring with a square bloodstone set.

"Leo!" she cried, and sprang to her feet

No need to tell her what had happened. She knew her Jewish friend had kept his tryst with death. And so it was, for he was dead.

Two years passed by and changes of thought and feeling had come to her. By chance she made a strange acquaintance—a man who sought to prove that life ended here and no one could return, for no one lived who died. This man was one well known, and were I to give his name you, too, would know him well; a most celestial name. Here I shall call him moon. Professor Moon was giving a series of seance near. He did not claim his power was spiritual or that it was not. He laughed at mediums, and since has gone about the country exposing them. To do his tricks

Written for The Better Way.

Kiss Me Once More.

BY MRS. S. B KUTZ

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, come back to me now
And lay your soft hand on my fever pained brow,
For the touch of your fingers would lighten my care.
If they toyed with the silver tints threading my hair,
And the anguish of heart would be banished I know,
If you folded me into your arms, white as snow,
And the tears that are wandering my furrowed o'er
Would be stayed if my darling would kiss me once more.

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, that faith must be strong,
That endures to the end when the waiting is long,
For I call through the darkness that hides you away,
And long for the dawn of the beautiful day,
When weary with the journey, my spirit-feet stand,
All safely at last on the soft silver strand,
Where the wearisome waiting and longing is o'er,
And my tears are all stayed when you kiss me once more

Oh, Vennie, dear Oennie, though darkness and doubt
Lie thick on the pathway your footsteps went out,
My spirit is dreaming, the mist of the tears
Exhaled from my heart through the sorrowful years.
Is rifted sometimes by the breath of the air,
That is wafted somehow from a land that is fair,
And my darling I see through the riftings, once more,
Flinging kisses to me from the beautiful shore.

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, oftime in my sleep,
My spirit sobs on though my eyes cease to weep.
Till worn out with anguish the cords of this life
Relax for the time from the wearisome strife,
And I glide from the darkness that hovers the world
Out into the golden light softly unfurled,
That is shining in glory the bowers of sweet rest,
And paths that the feet of the risen have pressed,
And there'mid the blessed on the beautiful shore
The lips of my darlings caress me once more.

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, these glimpses and gleams,
Be they visions of real, or but vanishing dreams,
Are the rays that are easing the terrible strain
That is breaking my heart with its longing and pain.
Oh, I know that the mortals are helpless to see
The beautiful forms that are precious to me;
But all through the darkness, I pray o'er and o'er,
Come back to me, darling, and kiss me once more.

Written for The Better Way.

FAREWELL OF THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. H. S. AUSTIN.

My life is drawing to a close. I am dying—going out with the night. Already I feel the breath of dissolution on my icy brow. Nature is kindly weaving for me a shroud of white, and also a baptismal robe for my successor, whose birth takes place simultaneously with my last breath. A voice that I must obey is calling me to rest—to that rest which for me has no awakening. I am weary of my labors and fain would rest. Only one short year have I been among you, and oh, mortals! it would take many, many years to record all that I have seen. I have never stood still for one moment during my life; the wide world was my home. I have visited every clime beneath the sun. The sun has given light and warmth to my days. The moon and stars have smiled on me and added brightness to my nights. Fierce storms swept over me and cold, pitiless rains have beat against me. I have seen joy and sorrow, each in their various phases. I have watched by the bedside of the sick and dying, and am familiar with the privations and sufferings of the poor; have known them to be without fire and without food. There are more marriages and births than I can number recorded in the pages of my life's history, and many that have been born on my bosom have died there. I have seen shipwrecks and witnessed the mad struggles of the drowning ones as their cries rose despairing above the voice of the storm. I have seen death in the palace, death in the cottage and death in the hovel, and death in all its forms, both natural and unnatural, are recorded on my pages.

Alas! I have witnessed crime and wickedness of all description. I could not stay the hand of the assassin who has darkened my path with the blood of his victim, while the midnight robber, prowling around in search of booty, has disturbed the stillness of my nights. Like all my predecessors, I have many dark pages written in my life's history; but I trust that all the bad deeds and wrong doing will be obliterated, and all the good done live with you as pleasant memories.

During my short but eventful life I have known sad weeping days and also bright, happy days. My happiest days commenced in the springtime of my life, when mother donned her robes of green and wreathed me with trailing vines and green boughs. Then beautiful summer came, weaving for me garlands of bright flowers; the warm sun poured his bright rays upon me, the flowers donned their gayest colors and showered my paths with their rich perfume. Birds sang their sweetest and babbling brooks greeted me with playful laughter; busy bees roamed around and took delight in nestling among my flowers and sipping of their sweetness.

All nature with one accord was peaceful and happy, and my days glided by like pleasant dreams. But alas! my happiness was short lived, for, as the summer waned, my pets left me. The sun grew less warm, the birds were silent; the laughter of the brooks became an angry roar. My flowers began to droop. I tried so hard to keep them with me a little longer, but in vain, for they died and left me desolate. I buried them quietly and covered their graves with the autumn leaves.

Oh, mortals, gather around and watch with me, for my life is slowly but surely ebbing away. I have known all through my life the very hour that I should die; and that knowledge is withheld from you all, for you know not the hour when the angel of death will summon you beyond the shores of time Be prepared, so that when the dewdrops of death are gathering on your brow, the shadow of the grave and the mysterious beyond will have for you no terrors. My death will recall sad memories to many of you, for many loved ones that were with you one year ago to watch for the rising of my sun, are not with you to-night to watch his going down. They have gone and left you; the valley of death, through which all must pass, lies between you and them. Even now many that are among you will cling to the old year and go out with me, but unlike me they go to enter a new life in a fairer world than this, while I, alas! will sink into oblivion and only be mentioned as a thing of the past.

Mortals, farewell. Heed the voice of the dying year, which tells you to walk in the paths of uprightness "and do unto others as you would wish to be done by." And to look beyond the rising and the setting for your reward. Let not my death cloud your enjoyments or mar your pleasures at the birth of my successor, whose reign I hope will bring peace and happiness to you all. Oh, happy New Year; soon the merry bells will peal out in joyous tones to welcome you. Soon glad young voices will shout their welcome of "Happy New Year!" But I envy you not, although I know that your entrance into life bars me out of it for ever. Most willingly do I resign to my kingdom. Take it, and with it the blessing of the old year; and may God's blessing rest upon you and prosper your reign. Mortals, once more and for the last time I bid you farewell. Dying, I ask God's blessing to descend upon you, and with my last breath wish you all a bright and happy New Year.

TALMAGE IN JERUSALEM.

To have read Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage's sermon or correspondence from Jerusalem, one cannot help from exclaiming, oh, what a psychometrist art thou!

His text was Matt. xxiii, 37: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"

The following are extracts from the same:

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as he came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O. Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jeruselem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of kings, conquerers, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brighest flowers into his garland. It set its richest jems into his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lips. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brighest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. * * * *

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace; and see his robes actually encrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy! No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet! No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world brings so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. * * * *

(Very good teaching, but do the teachers set the example as did their lord?)

* * * The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling tear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power. * * *

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execrated by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. * * *

(But position is everything, and the bigger the salary the better.)

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David the conquerer, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? * * *

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem. "The New Jérusalem." And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets.

Then why does not the Pope go there instead of having an eye on America? Or has somebody else an eye on Jerusalem with the view of erecting a new temple there?

SPIRIT COMPARED WITH MATTER.

Spirit is not in reality divided from matter. It is really only divided in appearance. The definition "Matter" is applied to such things as are visible to the human eye, and touch, and according to their range or capacity; so what is called matter actually varies. To the hearing and the scent, many things are palpable, which are not actually termed matter; and to the inner senses many things are palpable which are not termed "matter."

There is a shading off from hard material objects to more subtle substances, and again a shading off until we reach that which is termed spirit. From what is termed spirit there is again a shading off, and so on, and thus it is that there is endless progression, because there is endless refinement, and the further principles are carried to refinement the more powerful are they; and the more everlasting because imperishable! Material eyes see only material object, which are usually those the least imbued with spirit, and these material objects require the most vivifying in order to bring them under the influence of more subtle spiritual powers. From the beginning of the world such agencies have been at work.

Animals have altered by their own vitality immense masses of inert matter. The higher the vitalities in the animal the more have they vitalised inert matter! Man is now vitalising the very atmosphere of the earth, and as creatures formerly rendered the earth fitted for Man, so Man is now fitting the earth for men of higher organisation. The earth with its small atmosphere was, millions of years ago, comparatively material, whereas now it is more spiritual, and yet there has been no marked line of division in this gradual development.

Thus matter and spirit are palpably separated only as regards your touch and your sight, and you define without actually knowing what matter is.

As things develop and become more rarified or spiritualised they become capable of occupying the same space as more material objects do. Thus, a disembodied spirit can stand in the same block of space as you physically stand in; his spirit permeating your materiality; and so an immensely advanced spirit-world could occupy the same space as our earth does. But two spirits of equal development cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

A bar of iron that has been heated in a fire is permeated with a more rarified substance, which occupies the same space as the iron, viz , heat.

Just as one planet's atmosphere may rest on that of another, may amalgamate more or less with it, and even may envelop and spread in and beyond it; so may it be with two spiritual beings. Power is always invisible. Your can see the human hand move and execute great things, but you cannot see the volition or power. You can see the magnetic needle vibrate, but not the force which moved it. You can watch the earth's movement round the sun, but you cannot see the power that causes it to rotate in its orbit. You can see massive machinery in motion, but you can't see the power in heat which is exerted, for when steam appears, the force has escaped. —Light.

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DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Worcester, Mass.

Allegheny City, Pa., Dec. 12 '89.—Dr. Loucks Kind Friend:—At the age of two years I had fever and ague, and my parents had me treated with mineral medicines and I never used any other until I was about thirty years of age, and it (the minerals) was the means of laying the foundation of diseases of different kinds in my system, which has caused me to suffer all my days, and I felt that life was near its close when I went to a spiritual lecture and was presented with a spiritual paper, THE BETTER WAY, where I found the advertisement of Dr. Loucks' great skill, the half of which has not been told. I have had the liver complaint so bad that I spit up rotten liver and matter. I had a fright about twelve years ago that shocked my nerves so bad that I had terrible fits for seven years and the dropsy so bad that I could hardly walk, and the least exercise would make me so short of breath, also a very bad pain near my heart, bad kidney complaint and neuralgia, catarrh and the black and putrid erysipelas over my body, and salt rheum and tetters, and dyspepsia so bad that I threw up all my food every time I eat anything, but as soon as I began using your magnetic remedies I have not been troubled with spitting up my food any. After the third day's use I began to feel better, and have improved ever since, and to day I am feeling like a new person, and it is about seven and a half weeks since I began treatment, and I am willing to testify to the above, if any one wishes me to do so, or any one wishing to write to me I will be glad to answer them. No one can tell how happy and thankful I am to Dr J S. Loucks for this most wonderful cure.

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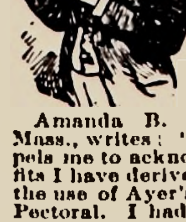

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Kiss Me Once More.

BY MRS. S. D KUTZ

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, come back to me now
And lay your soft hand on my fever pained brow,
For the touch of your fingers would lighten my care.
If they toyed with the silver tints threading my hair,
And the anguish of heart would be banished I know,
If you folded me into your arms, white as snow,
And the tears that are wandering my furrowed o'er
Would be stayed if my darling would kiss me once more.
Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, that faith must be strong,
That endures to the end when the waiting is long,
For I sail through the darkness that hides you away,
And long for the dawn of the beautiful day,
When weary with the journey, my spirit-feet stand,
All safely at last on the soft silver strand,
Where the wearisome waiting and longing is o'er,
And my tears are all stayed when you kiss me once more

Oh, Vennie, dear Oennie, though darkness and doubt
Lie thick on the pathway your footsteps went out,
My spirit is dreaming, the mist of the tears
Exhaled from my heart through the sorrowful years,
Is rifted sometimes by the breath of the air,
That is wafted somehow from a land that is fair,
And my darling I see through the riftings, once more,
Flinging kisses to me from the beautiful shore.

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, oftime in my sleep,
My spirit sobs on though my eyes cease to weep,
Till worn out with anguish the cords of this life
Relax for the time from the wearisome strife,
And I glide from the darkness that hovers the world
Out into the golden light softly unfurled,
That is shining in glory the bowers of sweet rest,
And paths that the feet of the risen have pressed,
And there'mid the blessed on the beautiful shore
The lips of my darlings caress me once more.

Oh, Vennie, dear Vennie, these glimpses and gleams,
Be they visions of real, or but vanishing dreams,
Are the rays that are easing the terrible strain
That is breaking my heart with its longing and pain.
Oh, I know that the mortals are helpless to see
The beautiful forms that are precious to me;
But all through the darkness, I pray o'er and o'er,
Come back to me, darling, and kiss me once more.

Written for The Better Way.

FAREWELL OF THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. H. S. AUSTIN.

My life is drawing to a close. I am dying—going out with the night. Already I feel the breath of dissolution on my icy brow. Nature is kindly weaving for me a shroud of white, and also a baptismal robe for my successor, whose birth takes place simultaneously with my last breath. A voice that I must obey is calling me to rest—to that rest which for me has no awakening. I am weary of my labors and fain would rest. Only one short year have I been among you, and oh, mortals! it would take many, many years to record all that I have seen. I have never stood still for one moment during my life; the wide world was my home. I have visited every clime beneath the sun. The sun has given light and warmth to my days. The moon and stars have smiled on me and added brightness to my nights. Fierce storms swept over me and cold, pitiless rains have beat against me. I have seen joy and sorrow, each in their various phases. I have watched by the bedside of the sick and dying, and am familiar with the privations and sufferings of the poor; have known them to be without fire and without food. There are more marriages and births than I can number recorded in the pages of my life's history, and many that have been born on my bosom have died there. I have seen shipwrecks and witnessed the mad struggles of the drowning ones as their cries rose despairing above the voice of the storm. I have seen death in the palace, death in the cottage and death in the hovel, and death in all its forms, both natural and unnatural, are recorded on my pages.

Alas! I have witnessed crime and wickedness of all description. I could not stay the hand of the assassin who has darkened my path with the blood of his victim, while the midnight robber, prowling around in search of booty, has disturbed the stillness of my nights. Like all my predecessors, I have many dark pages written in my life's history; but I trust that all the bad deeds and wrong doing will be obliterated, and all the good done live with you as pleasant memories.

During my short but eventful life I have known sad weeping days and also bright, happy days. My happiest days commenced in the springtime of my life, when mother donned her robes of green and wreathed me with trailing vines and green boughs. Then beautiful summer came, weaving for me garlands of bright flowers; the warm sun poured his bright rays upon me, the flowers donned their gayest colors and showered my paths with their rich perfume. Birds sang their sweetest and babbling brooks greeted me with playful laughter; busy bees roamed around and took delight in nestling among my flowers and sipping of their sweetness.

All nature with one accord was peaceful and happy, and my days glided by like pleasant dreams. But alas! my happiness was short lived, for, as the summer waned, my pets left me. The sun grew less warm, the birds were silent; the laughter of the brooks became an angry roar. My flowers began to droop. I tried so hard to keep them with me a little longer, but in vain, for they died and left me desolate. I buried them quietly and covered their graves with the autumn leaves.

Oh, mortals, gather around and watch with me, for my life is slowly but surely ebbing away. I have known all through my life the very hour that I should die; and that knowledge is withheld from you all, for you know not the hour when the angel of death will summon you beyond the shores of time Be prepared, so that when the dewdrops of death are gathering on your brow, the shadow of the grave and the mysterious beyond will have for you no terrors. My death will recall sad memories to many of you, for many loved ones that were with you one year ago to watch for the rising of my sun, are not with you to-night to watch his going down. They have gone and left you; the valley of death, through which all must pass, lies between you and them. Even now many that are among you will cling to the old year and go out with me, but unlike me they go to enter a new life in a fairer world than this, while I, alas! will sink into oblivion and only be mentioned as a thing of the past.

Mortals, farewell. Heed the voice of the dying year, which tells you to walk in the paths of uprightness "and do unto others as you would wish to be done by." And to look beyond the rising and the setting for your reward. Let not my death cloud your enjoyments or mar your pleasures at the birth of my successor, whose reign I hope will bring peace and happiness to you all. Oh, happy New Year; soon the merry bells will peal out in joyous tones to welcome you. Soon glad young voices will shout their welcome of "Happy New Year!" But I envy you not, although I know that your entrance into life bars me out of it for ever. Most willingly do I resign to my kingdom. Take it, and with it the blessing of the old year; and may God's blessing rest upon you and prosper your reign. Mortals, once more and for the last time I bid you farewell. Dying, I ask God's blessing to descend upon you, and with my last breath wish you all a bright and happy New Year.

TALMAGE IN JERUSALEM.

To have read Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage's sermon or correspondence from Jerusalem, one cannot help from exclaiming, oh, what a psychometrist art thou!

His text was Matt. xxiii, 37: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"

The following are extracts from the same:

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as he came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O. Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jeruselem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of kings, conquerers, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brighest flowers into his garland. It set its richest jems into his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lips. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brighest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. * * * *

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace; and see his robes actually encrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy! No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet! No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world brings so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. * * * *

(Very good teaching, but do the teachers set the example as did their lord?)

* * * The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling tear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power. * * *

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execrated by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men; but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. * * *

(But position is everything, and the bigger the salary the better.)

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David the conquerer, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? * * *

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem. "The New Jerusalem." And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets.

Then why does not the Pope go there instead of having an eye on America? Or has somebody else an eye on Jerusalem with the view of erecting a new temple there?

SPIRIT COMPARED WITH MATTER.

Spirit is not in reality divided from matter. It is really only divided in appearance. The definition "Matter" is applied to such things as are visible to the human eye, and touch, and according to their range or capacity; so what is called matter actually varies. To the hearing and the scent, many things are palpable, which are not actually termed matter; and to the inner senses many things are palpable which are not termed "matter."

There is a shading off from hard material objects to more subtle substances, and again a shading off until we reach that which is termed spirit. From what is termed spirit there is again a shading off, and so on, and thus it is that there is endless progression, because there is endless refinement, and the further principles are carried to refinement the more powerful are they; and the more everlasting because imperishable! Material eyes see only material object, which are usually those the least imbued with spirit, and these material objects require the most vivifying in order to bring them under the influence of more subtle spiritual powers. From the beginning of the world such agencies have been at work.

Animals have altered by their own vitality immense masses of inert matter. The higher the vitalities in the animal the more have they vitalised inert matter! Man is now vitalising the very atmosphere of the earth, and as creatures formerly rendered the earth fitted for Man, so Man is now fitting the earth for men of higher organisation. The earth with its small atmosphere was, millions of years ago, comparatively material, whereas now it is more spiritual, and yet there has been no marked line of division in this gradual development.

Thus matter and spirit are palpably separated only as regards your touch and your sight, and you define without actually knowing what matter is.

As things develop and become more rarified or spiritualised they become capable of occupying the same space as more material objects do. Thus, a disembodied spirit can stand in the same block of space as you physically stand in; his spirit permeating your materiality; and so an immensely advanced spirit-world could occupy the same space as our earth does. But two spirits of equal development cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

A bar of iron that has been heated in a fire is permeated with a more rarified substance, which occupies the same space as the iron, viz , heat.

Just as one planet's atmosphere may rest on that of another, may amalgamate more or less with it, and even may envelop and spread in and beyond it; so may it be with two spiritual beings. Power is always invisible. Your can see the human hand move and execute great things, but you cannot see the volition or power. You can see the magnetic needle vibrate, but not the force which moved it. You can watch the earth's movement round the sun, but you cannot see the power that causes it to rotate in its orbit. You can see massive machinery in motion, but you can't see the power in heat which is exerted, for when steam appears, the force has escaped. —Light.

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CINCINNATI - - - DECEMBER 28, 1889

A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - EDITOR

At *Two Dollars per Year* to subscribers in the United States; *Two Dollars* and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent *Six Months* for $1.00.

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Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.,
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Farewell, old year!

That which is worthy of public patronage, needs no pulling. It recommends itself.

The more positive a man is in his opinions the farther he is often away from the truth.

By defending or cherishing the unworthy we insult the worthy and drive them away from us.

Only he who is strictly honest can afford to be independent in thought or expression.

Goodness leads to wisdom, and the combination to spiritual strength—power of soul—influence.

Putting people to unnecessary trouble is an act of selfishness, for it shows lack of consideration for others.

Man judges life a good deal from the standpoint of his pocketbook. The less money he possesses the higher he philosophises.

He who preaches only that which he thinks good enough for others to practice is a poor teacher, and he who preaches only that which is intended for others to practice is a hypocrite.

The only true friend is he who adds and not subtracts—either by sympathy or material aid according to what he has most of—although the latter is an acceptable substitute during the holidays.

As a man rises spiritually above his material surroundings he seeks higher associates. As he falls below it he seeks lower ones. In either case he is miserable until he finds his natural level.

Many good writers and workers spoil their reputation by foisting a poem on the public by way of a change or in accordance with a whim—believing that this will add to their glory or is a necessary adjunct to popularity. Let well enough alone.

The good in nature is the absolute. Self-knowledge leads to it; for we cannot know self without reforming, nor do we ever begin to reform until we know self. As long as a man is blind to his own defects he will be blind to the good in both man and nature.

Why do not teachers of immortality secure proofs of what they teach? Spiritualism offers it to all the world, and those who refute these evidences are wilfully blind to the truth. To try to teach that of which they know naught is the blind leading the blind—stubbornness, bigotry, intolerance.

When a retail merchant reduces an article say from $50 to $30, in order to induce buyers, what must a reasonable man think? Either that such a merchant has been having, what we may justly call, criminal profits before the reduction, or he is lying about the reduction, the latter being but a "catch." In either event he is not a trustworthy dealer.

After all there are not as many "Know-it-alls" in Spiritualism as there are without. It is not always said because a man denies another of knowing anything that he belongs to this category of mortals. It is often but a little envy that is the cause of such an emotion, and this is curable. But when an advanced scientist wilfully closes his eyes to our claims and passes an opinion on the same without investigating, we may "put him down"—anything you please.

A clairvoyant asserts that the spiritual atmosphere covering the United States is densest and lowest on the eastern coast with but a slight elevation in excess of others in some portions, while it gradually rises and becomes rarified as we proceed westward, and having the highest elevation on the Pacific coast.—We suppose this accounts for the increased liberality towards Spiritualism as we proceed westward; or does this spiritualized mental condition of men create the atmosphere or aura hanging over them or rising from them?

Blunders in life are needed by which to gain experience, or at least they aid us very much in becoming wise. So defects in our work often display the beauties thereof to a better advantage. If there were no weeds, we should hardly appreciate the beauties of the floral world, and in like manner human weaknesses lead us to find that which is good in man. So be charitable in the latter case and try to appreciate the worthy. In so doing we attract causes upon ourselves that open a higher view of existence to our souls. Such is one of the initial steps to the science of human knowledge and self culture.

When preachers favor Sunday laws, i. e., for the abolishing of all labor such as may interfere with traffic, innocent amusements etc., they arrogate to themselves that they alone have the right to labor in company with God and nature; for the latter *never* rest, permitting the grass to grow, the birds to sing, the world to move, people to be born regardless of the name of the day. And to interfere with the latter by preventing physicians and midwives to labor on Sunday would be a calamity indeed. Exceptions may be made, but this would be unjust legislation against others who may desire to keep active seven days in the week.

Never aggravate a patient, and especially when in pain, with questions as to how or where he contracted the trouble. A sick man's only thought is, how to get well again, and cares nothing as to how he got sick. The latter only irritates and prevents restoration because it brings him in rapport with the original—it being necessary to recall the time to recall the event, and the event or individual condition is or was a bad one for the patient. It exerts a similar effect to what recalling a sad or melancholy event does, only that one affects the body and the other the soul nature of the being. Thus keep the patient's mind on getting well, or hold it up to some future event or time.

Though we believe that spirits try to make us see our faults as much as possible, at least those that are hurtful to our soul nature, there are some little follies that they keep us in ignorance of, or even foster for reasons best known to themselves, and undoubtedly for our best. Were we too perfect on the face of things, we might be too much adored or admired by our mortal friends and thus unfold or develop worse defects or evils, which would lead us downward instead of enjoying a steady spiritual growth, as we mostly do when in ignorance of our good qualities, or somewhat shunned rather than sought after by our fellow mortals. In this respect it might not prove quite as interesting to "see ourselves as ithers see us."

Those who expect to be handled with kid gloves, should not forget to extend the same consideration to others. Some become so sensitive from the love of self that one must guard every look or action or expression so as not to offend. Rather than take these risks many avoid such people, and in fact, is the best that can be done. Leave them cuddled in their self-conceit until nature rounds them out by self study. Loneliness is the best school for this class of humanity to study themselves, while company only irritates them and gives them cause for finding cause for complaint. The fault finding of such individuals is generally of the narrow caviling kind and frequently based on the merest thread, which the least charitable would overlook. Thus avoid them for your own good if you do not wish to be the subject of idle converse.

THANKS!

AMERICAN HEALTH COLLEGE,
FAIRMOUNT, CINCINNATI, OHIO,
December 18, 1889.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In dispensing some Christmas presents I must not forget THE BETTER WAY, and now enclose five dollars for its benefit. With best wishes for its success, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. B. CAMPBELL, V. D.

OUR LADIES DEPARTMENT.

Through unforeseen circumstances we have been compelled to give up our Message Department, but will substitute a Ladies Department instead, and for which we solicit short and pithy contributions, hoping this will meet with the approval of our many readers.

A VOTING MACHINE.

Senator McNaughton, of New York, is believed to have determined upon the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of that State for the use of a voting machine at all polling places, which will do away with ballots entirely, and indicate the exact number of votes cast for every candidate at any time through the day. These machines are so constructed that it is impossible for any person to vote more than once for each office without lowering the automatic screen which hides him from view while he is voting. The count is made with absolute precision by the machine, and at the closing of the polls it is only necessary to glance at the indicator to learn the precise results. The keys, which somewhat resemble those of a typewriter, can be colored for each party, so that a voter unable to read can easily vote for his party's candidate without assistance, while sworn officials are within call to help the blind, as in the Australian ballot system.

Virtue is appreciated for the pleasure it produces.—Epicurus.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

Cincinnati calls her Sunday afternoon concerts at Music Hall "Pops." Rather long pops, lasting fully two hours, giving ten pieces with encores, under the moderate charge of 15 cents admission. Sixty musicians constitute the orchestra, whose programme is made up of classical and operatic music, meeting with the tastes of critics and lovers. Such amusements add more to the moral growth of people than keeping them imprisoned in their homes, pleasing their senses for the want of pastime. Every large city should offer this class of innocent amusements to the fullest extent, including theatrical performances, for there is no better school for an indolent mind than object lessons of this nature. It induces thought.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Man cannot invent, enact or think anything that has not had a prior existence in spirit. All effects have a spiritual cause; or, rather, all causes are spiritual, and without a cause there can be no effect. Man may be the creator, but being part of the universal cause, spirit, creates, invents or thinks it. Thus it must exist before it can be made manifest. Not all that we enact or think is original either, for it may come from other spirits or spiritual conditions, and may have been enacted or thought over and over again before finding a foothold in matter. And even before realized by individual spirits, it must have existed in spirit, for man cannot create from that which is not a part of himself—soul or intelligence being a microcosm of universal soul or life so called.

PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

A Cincinnati daily says: "A short time ago a Cincinnati murderer was pardoned, and immediately proceeded to commit another brutal homicide."

An old story. Every evil cries for repetition, and cannot be allayed except by self exertion, and if the unfortunate one has not the strength to control it, and his evil or passion is one that makes him a dangerous citizen, he should be cared for by the State and placed out of harm's way.

But, adds the same paper, "Swift upon the heels of that another, sent to the Penitentiary for one of the most brutal murders in our history, was set free, under circumstances singularly suggestive of political arrangement. Further, that a forger who had been sentenced for fifty years also had been released."

Another old story. Corruption in office, showing the lack of purity and the value of political influence in governmental affairs. When a man, convicted of murder or forgery by a jury of citizens, and sentenced by a court of law, has still sufficient influence left to obtain a pardon, there is extreme rottenness somewhere. Naught but a guilty conscience will succumb to a criminal's influence, politically, socially, or otherwise, and those who can be so influenced, also need caring for by the State, for they are weak indeed. Weak people are unfit to rule. What a government wants are officials who are above individual influence and honest enough to be strong, above reproach and just, for only such can afford to be independent without harm to themselves politically.

NATIONALISM OR WHAT?

The Democratic and Republican parties, as may now be safely prophesied from indications in the White House, will some day, not so very far in the future, form an alliance (their political platforms and machine methods of operating having already met) in order to meet and oppose some new party or party issue, whether under the name of Nationalism or some other ism. But it will come, and be composed of the best elements of the two parties that are now trying to monopolize the government offices for individual instead of national good. When greed takes the place of ambition a party's career is running to a close. Where wrong usurps right, it breeds a new party element—a new party in this country.

That such party is already alive, and conscious of an aim in life, is indisputable. Its baby name is NATIONALISM. Whether this—the present movement—will be *the* party, or whether the above will be its true name, is a question, and a very unimportant one just now. Organization is the most essential condition needed to begin, and this, the main spring of a new party, is making rapid progress. We have no doubt, and shall not be surprised to hear that whole sections have suddenly changed their old name for the new one, especially in parts where little or no opposition exists—where they are all of one hue, as it were. However assumed, it will be for a new foundation for the coming political structure. There will be, and it is but natural that there should be, entirely different questions involved or issues put forth as political food. The masses are blunted to hearing of "tariff," "civil service," "pensions," "general," "colonels," and other ancient doctrines no more palatable to the rising generation of voters, and which has already given sufficient of what we may term political indigestion. Let us have a new issue or issues—something suited to the tastes of modern thinkers and progressionists. But we suppose it will grow out of the new movement, and when it does, look out for a grand political revolution—one that will bring joy to the people and undoubtedly followed by a higher prosperity than this country has ever seen. It will be for every peace loving citizen a bright, happy New Year!

IS THIS THE KEY-NOTE?

Our well meant notice regarding organization, seems to have been taken amiss as the following will show:

> "Our contemporary, The Better Way, can well be compared to the man who went out into a field on a bright sunny summer day, and closing his eyelids up as tight as possible, swore "black and blue" that the sun was not shining. Why so, do you ask? Just read the following clipping, and ask the question if The Better Way is ignorant of the fact of the existence of the National Developing Circle of the United States of North America, and that it is the only organized body of Spiritualists in the world. If Bro. Melchers is ignorant of this, we would advise him to "take a day off," and get posted. Here is the clipping:
>
> "Organization is again on the tapis. The Religio Philosophical Journal recently opened the ball in an editorial, which has been favorably responded to by several contributors. No doubt when the right chord is touched it will go vibrating through the Spiritualist world like an electric pulse beat. We wonder who will strike it."
>
> Bundy's "Organization" will turn out about the same as his proposed "$50,000 Stock Company." See if it don't!—The Sower.

The R. P. Journal also chides us for saying "several" instead of "many" responses; and that the "right chord" will not be struck by any one individual; it will be, rather, the gradual attunement of a great body of intelligent and good people etc." Further, it calls upon Spiritualist papers to co-operate with the Journal in this work, and do the duty that lies nearest to hand in this great matter.

"Barkis is willin'," but we fear it cannot be effectuated as long as our contemporaries look cress-eyed at each other and are so "touchy" about words, as to allow their emotions to "vibrate" at the least unconscious error that another makes. Let someone touch the right chord that will make editors harmonize, and we might be able to lay the foundation at all events.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The old year, or the so-called year of 1889, has nearly run its course, and although many regret the loss on account of additional wrinkles, gray hairs, and an advance towards their own physical end, others hail the advent with joy, feeling relieved on account of the burdens, trials and suffering that it brought. Spiritualists, though, as a rule, speed the parting year, knowing that it lands them nearer a happy future, where there are no deaths, no graves, no to-morrow to provide for. Spirit life is an eternal present to those who have lived right in earth life, and who go hence with a heartful of love for everybody, regardless of color, creed or condition. No yesterday to regret; no visions of an unsavory past looming up like phantoms before the soul's mirror; no pangs of an ever present conscience to feel that which reminds one of the misdeeds or wrongs done in the past. Ignorance of moral law and our duties towards man shields much from view because it does not taint the soul—the conscience' mirror—and only hangs on like external drapery, a condition more readily shaken off when once the inner man has determined to be all good. But that committed in the full glare of the light of civilization—consciously and knowingly that it was not right—notably defrauding one's creditors or buyers, abusing confidence, taking selfish advantages over weaker bodies, sanctioning crime, living the hypocrite, etc., suffer the penalty of a hell within, whatever their professional or social status may have been. Greatness in spirit depends on the acts of benevolence or charity enacted in the past, such obliterating the past, relatively speaking, and unfolds a beautiful present, while the aforenamed holds the past ever up to view. The future will care for itself, and need not disturb us, spiritually considered. So let us live a present in which every act is a spiritual one—i. e., a good intentioned one—and we need not fear the outgoing of any number of years. Let every day be the end of a year that has been replete with good works.

PRINCIPLES vs. INDIVIDUALS.

As we have frequently stated, it is not within our province to either defend or denounce *individuals*. A cause that has principles at stake can best be uplifted by setting forth these principles and presenting them in their proper shape to the world and thereby letting the world judge of the true merits of the case or of the cause that is seeking recognition. Individuals add but little to so great a cause as Spiritualism, for no single individual can represent it in its fullness, its beauty or its sublimity. Spiritualism is not a sect that can be exposed in a code of morals or creeds; nor a philosophy that can be grasped by the finite mind and given to the world in pamphlet form; nor a science that can be based on a limited array of facts. The greatest individual expresses but an atom of the whole, and to judge this, as yet, young revelation (Spiritualism in its modern sense) by one man or woman is like forming a judgment of our starry universe by one meteoric stone that falls on this planet. In defending the individual many lose sight of the higher principles involved. On the other hand individuals lose sight of the facts against them and try to involve the principles of the cause in their behalf. Both must fail in their endeavors. For neither are in accord with the cause as a spiritual law—as a principle that is born to all mankind and not to individuals alone.

It is true, individuals often suffer undeservedly, but in all calamities or revolutions that have ever come upon this world for man's final good, the innocent have suffered with and for the guilty. It may be argued that we should make it our duty to right the wronged. But how judge them when there are two sides to the question, both equally honest in their opinions or convictions? Mediums need not get themselves into trouble anymore. Past experiences should have taught them caution. There may be exceptions yet where even caution will fail, but this will be righted by a law that never fails to speak the truth, viz: *vox populi, vox dei.* When *one* opinion exist on a subject we feel no hesitation in acting. People are more sensitive, or intuitive, to divine judgment (law) than they often give themselves credit for. It is only when prejudice or self-love governs them that they are in doubt or darkness, or when self-interest comes into play that they are partizan and clamerous for justice—on the political plan—selfishly administered. But as a straw shows, whence the wind blows, a universal psychic wave touches all minds alike; i. e., with the few above-named exceptions.

Thus when a medium is suspected of wrong and a general coolness is manifested towards that medium in consequence, he or she is out of harmony with Spiritualism. When the first thought refutes the idea of wrong, there is no cause present—even if honestly believed by many on account of peculiarities that some mediums have when posing for a seance, and which does give rise for suspicion very often. Here we might censure, and justly say that mediums have none but themselves to blame if accused of fraud. Why not be practical instead of taking on a pose of sentimentality or playing the mysterious. People are not going to offer a whit more deference on that account. In fact, they withdraw it with a slight tendency to scorn, which increases momentarily, and which condition of soul brings forth manifestations that are fraudulent in themselves—attracting veritable fraudulent spirits who delight in stirring up strife and creating discord generally. Of course, individuals are involved. The public feels that there is something wrong somewhere—whether in the medium or sitters is indifferent to them—thus will not take kindly or even listen to a defense of any sort. The greater the defense, the greater the opposition including the facts on which to base asseverations. Proofs against can always be brought forth, while proofs in favor of a medium can only be had under proper conditions, and seldom for the benefit of a medium's opposers. Keep above suspicion therefore and do not let parsimony or egotism govern reason. To bring the whole cause to bear in defending one individual is like asking a jury to favor the defense for Christ sake or bringing Christianity to bear against a court of law because the culprit happens to be a Christian. Defending the principle involved is quite a different thing. When a government official makes an onslaught on a medium because he is plying his vocation as a medium or a minister of the cause we defend the principle involved. But when such a medium sacrifices principles for gain or selfish motives—motives not spiritual or not in accordance with common law—it becomes a personal matter between the medium and his accusers, and it is without our province to defend him. Personal matters should be dealt with privately. Secular papers do not defend those suspected of wrong doing openly, but leave that to their lawyers and friends. As a matter of news even it is detrimental to the cause, and we cannot sacrifice the whole cause of Spiritualism for the benefit of one man or woman—probably to the shame and disgrace of those who are trying to represent the cause honorably, and make it respectable in the eyes of the world. By cherishing the unworthy we drive the worthy ones from us, simply, and cause many, like Peter, to deny us. Fear is still a human attribute, and cannot always be controlled. Even Gallileo recanted in a moment of fear, although he had the facts to back him. Thus wisdom whispers caution and not to sacrifice thousands for one. Defend the cause and it will grow. Guard its principles and the mediums will unfold in spirituality. With the latter all cause for suspicion will vanish and peace and harmony will be our reward.

A virtue worth cultivating is to know how to attend to your own affairs, or mind your own business, as it is called in common parlance. Being too much concerned about other people's welfare is often an incentive of self-love or an effect of self-conceit or self sufficiency. A child frequently knows its needs better than we do, and if many of us would permit intuition instead of ordinary human reason to act for us, we would be better off or prove wiser in the end. Let intuition speak first; reason is never lost, and may be brought into requisition when the former is inactive or shut out by excitement, impulsiveness or anger. Even reason may be temporarily lost under the last named circumstances, leaving us nothing but brute force to aid us or guide us. Intuition is the antipode of this, and is the qualification needed therefore to understand causes or things spiritual. What concerns the individual is generally best known to himself intuitively, and children in particular. Worldly wise parents often know too much for their children's health or general welfare, and thereby prepare an unwise future for them. Worldly wise mortals, too, have a superabundance of advice to give away before it is called for, and also do more harm than good with it under the circumstances. Let it rest until called for. Those in need will ask for it, while those who are intuitively guided seldom need ask for it. Thus be guarded against offering suggestions until called upon to do so. Such are seldom kindly received. Every one knows his own business best, otherwise he would not be engaged in it.

Literary.

From Over the Border. By Benj G. Smith, Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. Cloth, pp. 238. Price $1 00.

The writer tells the tale as coming from a spirit who has just passed out of the body, meeting friends whom he recognizes and who lead him to scenes most wonderful and strange. In his wanderings he philosophizes and gives this as an embellishment to his tale. Spiritualism and Swedenbogianism are somewhat interblended in his philosophy, but does not detract from the interest of the story, and to the idealistic and sensuous reader both it gives food and pleasure.

Of the influence of the spirit world on this life it says:

> "What then is to hinder the flooding of the human mind with light from the spiritual world to such an extent as to bring all men under the dominion of truth, with accordant life? From the enormous progress working in the heavens and the spiritual world must inevitably come the gradual and possible rapid elevation of men in the natural world; just as with the individual man the mind when filled with Divine faith and charity turns heavenward the course of life on the natural plane. It is to the spiritual world, as to the mountains from whence help cometh, that we must look for that light in the understandings of men everywhere that shall illumine the path of life while not in the least interfering with freedom. The increasing numbers and power and constantly elevating character of the men of the spiritual world will cause that the human natural will constantly become weaker relatively, and the force of the spiritual relatively greater."

The Problem of Life. A monthly magazine devoted to spiritual-science and philosophy, as related to universal human progress. W. J. Colville, editor. Published at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, Cal. Prices, single copies 10 cents, one year $1.00. The initial number contains an article on Practical Spiritual Science, Heredity and Environment, The New Gospel of the Lord and others.—In his greeting Mr Colville says: This magazine is entirely unsectarian, and cannot be used for the purpose of exalting one system of thought to the degredation of all others. We know there is truth in all systems, but the whole truth in none. Contributors must be friendly, truthseeking, teachable and free from acrimony. Advertisements will be restricted to the absolute necessities of life, and no mention will be made of medicines or things used only in sickness. The magazine is to be kept free from everything that is suggestive of disorder so that it may carry a heathful, happy influence with it.

The National Magazine for January announces two new and valuable departments—"Biblical Literature" and "Pedagogy"—with Rev. J. C. Quinn, Ph. D. and J. S. Mills, A. M., President of Western College, as editors. Agricultural readers will be especially interested in the new "Institute of Agriculture," described in this number— a part of the University Extension System of the National University of Chicago, whose non-resident or correspondence undergraduate and post-graduate courses have met with such favor. Other articles are by Prof E. A. Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, and eminent specialists. Published at 147 Throop street, Chicago, Ill. Subscription, $1 00 per year. Sample copy, 10 cents.

The Divine Science of Health. Issued monthly by F. J. Miller, 25 Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass. Terms 75 cents per year or 8 cents per number. This paper is published in the interest of mental science or mental healing.

The Myth of the Great Deluge. By James McCann. H. L. Green, publisher, office Freethinkers Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y. Prices, single copies 15 cents, ten copies $1.00. The aim of this book is to scientifically disprove the Noachian flood.

The Sunday Question.

A San Francisco clergyman, deprecating the present use of the Sabbath by the world, informs the public that it is greed of gain that lies at the root of all desecration of the Lord's day. He says: "Love of gain is responsible for the Sunday excursion trains, the extra freight cars run on that day, the open stores, saloons, theatres, shops and factories. It hires bands to give Sunday concerts in the parks, to allure crowds of people who otherwise would not frequent those places. It is avarice that impels men to force their employees to work seven days instead of six. It is love of money that is at the root of the greater part of this evil. Take the present profit out of it, and there would be a sudden collapse of most of the Sunday enterprises."

To which the Boston Investigator replies:

> "Exactly. We admit it. Now let us take an honest view of the business of worshipping God, as it is called. We assert that love of gain is responsible for the Sunday services in the churches. It hires a choir or quartette to sing, to allure crowds of people who otherwise would not frequent those places. It is the love of money that is at the root of the greater part of Christianity. Take the present profit out of it, and there would be a sudden collapse of most of the churches. This is just as true of one business as of another. The minister or priest works on Sunday for the money he gets. The choir sing for the money they get. The sexton takes care of the church for the money he gets. Is not this so?"

CORRESPONDENCE

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Religio Philosophical Society held its regular weekly meeting at Royal Arcanum Hall, Sunday, December 15th, at 3.30 p. m., and were treated to a very able lecture by Dr. F. D. Thomas, who recently came to reside here from Milwaukee. His subject was, "The Biblical Basis of Spiritualism." The Doctor is a well known both trance and normal speaker, and a very successful psychometrist, and the hall was well filled with an appreciative audience.

The society is young but growing.

Yours truly, F. D. YALE, Secretary.

Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Byrns addressed Unity Hall Society again on December 15th, in her usual practical manner, the subjects being "Spiritualism and its relations to the topics of the hour," and "The better way," both intensely interesting.

Mrs. Smith, of the Banner of Light, will follow, simply coming to oblige her many friends, as she has not felt that her work is on the platform.

We are prospering as a society and are awaiting the time when a deeper interest shall be taken in spiritual developments. The Ladies Aid Society, in connection, still continues as in years past, to work diligently to assist, meeting regularly each week. WIN.

Springfield, Mass.

The Ladies Aid of the First Spiritual Society have just closed a two days' fair, ending with a ball, and have every reason to be proud of the great success which always attend their doings here, and the society at large have reason to be proud likewise, as their present lecturer (who began this month with a good audience), is Miss Emma J. Nickerson. She grows in favor with the people every time they hear her. Her tests and improvised poems are very pleasing. I heard many exclaiming, as they left the hall, that the lady was doing noble work. Our society have done well in securing one of the best halls in the city, under the able presidency C. L. Leonard. COR.

Watertown, N. Y.

The First Progressive Spiritual Society has been organized since October 21, 1888. Since its organization first started it has been their aim to have a spiritual temple of their own to be used only in the cause of Spiritualism—a place where foreign influences would not prevail, and where they could meet and hold either lecturers or materializing seances at any time. They have had some hard work, but at last their efforts have been crowned with success, through the help of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who have taken the task upon themselves to build this temple and donate it to the society. Mr. Davis was seventy-nine years of age on the 23d of last May and Mrs. Davis seventy-five on the 5th of last October, and both are spry for that age.

These old people are financially comfortable and have done great good for the cause of Spiritualism by building this temple. The grand opening will be January, 1890—the fifty first anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Davis' marriage. For the dedicational services the society has secured Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham. They have also engaged Mrs. Cutter to come at the same time and remain during the winter to give free lectures twice a week. We also intend to have other mediums of note here before the winter is over. Heretofore the Spiritualists have not been very forward in this place, but as there is a society started and a temple built they will keep the ball rolling. C. H. M.

Minneapolis, Minn.

I feel it to be my duty to report to your paper of the grand success we are having in this city, this winter, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. D. Pruden, formerly of Boston. The meetings are known as the "Progressive Spiritualist," but are conducted by the medium independent of any organized society, and are attracting a class of people heretofore strangers to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. Her inspirational lectures and wonderful tests are giving great satisfaction, and all classes of people fill the hall long before the meetings open, so anxious are they to hear from some loved one. I hope this dear medium may remain with us for many months and that she may be blessed in all her undertakings. Our local paper says of her:

"Mrs Clarence Pruden, the medium, gave about forty tests last night at the Spiritualists' Hall on Second avenue south in the presence of about 250 people, the hall being crowded. She walked up and down the isle, selecting various ones here and there in the audience, describing spirit forms she saw about them, and repeating words which she heard them say. In many instances the people to whom she talked professed to recognize a likeness to departed friends in the descriptions, and at times the meeting bordered on the sensational. Thursday evening of this week the lady will give a public circle at her home, 1416 Seventh street south. She became a convert to Spiritualism about six years ago, following the accidental drowning of her little son in the river. For two years she has been giving public demonstrations of her ability" Yours, R.

Topeka, Kas.

I thought, perhaps, the readers of your most excellent paper would be interested in what is being done for the cause of Spiritualism in our beautiful capitol city of Kansas. As you are aware Mrs. Ada Foye's health gave way—caused by over work—during the past season, that she was obliged to give up her work in Denver, Colorado, after three lectures and go to Chicago where her husband is in business, hoping that rest would restore her health, so as to be able to fill her Eastern engagements during the present year, but in this she was disappointed, after two months' resting. She was told by her guides and physicians to go to California, her Western home, and that she would get better. She canceled all her Eastern appointments, and started West. She arrived in Topeka about the 15th of October and found a home with my family to rest for a few days till she would receive strength to proceed farther. Our beautiful and healthy climate had a salutary effect. She commenced to improve almost immediately. Seemingly she was recovering very rapidly. I prevailed on her to remain and labor for our people during November, which she consented to. Music Hall was procured to hold meetings the first Sabbath in November, and the hall was packed. The lecture was grand, the tests about fifty and all were acknowledged. The audience were held spellbound the entire evening. The following meeting was even more interesting and instructive. The result so far is that through Mrs. Foy a wonderful work in our city has been done. Even the papers who heretofore paid no attention to Spiritualism gave us a favorable notice.

Last Sunday ten good men met at the residence of M. O. Frost and organized a lecture association. A Markley was elected President, M. O. Frost first Vice-President, Doc Elder, second Vice-President, D. O. Crane, Secretary and Treasurer, T. P. Kelley Corresponding secretary. Fraternally,

M. O. MARKLEY.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Indianapolis is enjoying the summer weather with the rest of the world; it has has not been cold enough to freeze yet. While the winter air is balmy and pleasant the inner is trying to keep apace with it. The meetings here are increasing in attendance and the Lyceum last Sunday numbered fifty-five, and I think it will go ahead of that, as there are many children in attendance at the orthodox Sunday-schools and want to stay until after the Christmas tree, which is full of interest to the little ones; after that they will leave the Sunday-schools, and if we can make it interesting for them they will remain, if not they will return to their old places. I don't see why we cannot make it of such interest to them that they could not be forced away from the Lyceum. The ladies have completed the Aid Society, and after the holidays will bend all of their energies in getting ready for a fair to be held the last of March. I have forgotten the names of all the officers but the president, Mrs. Dyer, formerly of St. Louis is their president. She is the right one in the right place. The society gave a social hop last Wednesday evening, which was largely attended, and enjoyed by all, especially the donkey part, as his majesty was added to the list for the entertainment of the people. Great credit is due Mrs Burnett, Mrs Jacobs, Mrs. Ferdick and Mrs. Ralston for their untiring devotion to the wants of the people and in working hard to make this social a pronounced success. This work cannot be entered into too largely by societies; for it is the social as well as the spiritual side of our nature that needs to be cultivated. One great success of the church to day is its social element, but that I would have our people churchy, far from it, but would have them meet the social demands of the day. Christmas will soon be among the things of the past, and I trust the remembrance of the day will live long in the minds of all. I will write again ere I leave here. As ever yours in the cause of truth and right, G. H. BROOKS.

Jackson, Mich.

Feeling that perhaps a few of your subscribers may be pleased to learn of my whereabouts, etc., I venture a few lines to you, and if they are consigned at once to the waste basket I shall not murmur.

I have recently, after an absence of four years, visited Grand Rapids, the birth place of my mediumship; was there during the "Reid trial," and sat in the court room throughout it all. It was most interesting—it necessarily would be to a medium. It was the common topic of conversation throughout the city. Some said that Spiritualism was on trial, while others held that Doctor Reid only was on trial. As to who or what was before the courts every body must decide for themselves. However that seems to be the rub.

An informal reception was tendered the undersigned while there by Mrs. and Mrs. Austin, who opened their beautiful home at 185 Barclay street. Their elegant parlors were thronged with elate Spiritualists among whom were many who had in past years given to the medium their warm sympathy and support during a trying time while he was undergoing that trying ordeal (known best to mediums) of development.

The time was spent, as it usual is on such occasions, with a few exceptions. Many incidents referring back to my development was recalled with pleasure.

As I entered the suit of parlors and beheld so many dear familiar faces I was taken mentally back—eight years—to the time when I first entered the same fair city, fresh from the country—fresh in more senses than one—knowing absolutely nothing about Spiritualism, and consequently never dreaming that I was destined to be an instrument through which anybody would be able to find immortality. How mysterious are the mandates of fate.

Late in the evening two magnificent folding doors were discovered to be quietly separating which, when opened, revealed the happy guest's tables adorned with exquisite viands that made their mouths fairly water. The luncheon reflected great credit upon the hostess; and I am sure it was accepted in the spirit in which it was given.

In conclusion I beg leave to say that I am now visiting Jackson professionally for a few weeks, and am rejoiced to see such a lively awakening here in the line of investigating this phenomena.

W. A. MANSFIELD.

Evansville, Ind.

When I last wrote you Mrs. S. Seery of your city was here, and as usual a great spiritual revival was on. She continued here for about three weeks, putting in the month of November. Never before has there been such a general awakening and excitement in this city concerning Spiritualism as prevailed during her stay here. Old Spiritualists rejoiced, anxious inquirers came flocking to the seances, which were given every day, merchants, doctors, lawyers and preachers came, church members and the great surging masses, called the "common people," all crowded to her seances, and all received messages of some sort from dear ones on the "other shore."

Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Seery's controlling spirit seemed to be in his happiest mood and greeted his friends most cordially during each seance. Many thrilling scenes occurred at these seances, some of which I will mention: There was a pious catholic lady present on one occasion, and to her great surprise and joy, her spirit daughter, who had only been in the spirit world a short time came to her and greeted her lovingly, talked about affairs at home, so as to convince her mother of her identity. When the old lady was fully convinced she sobbed and wept for joy. She then asked her spirit daughter if she desired to have mass said for the repose of her soul. The spirit daughter promptly replied that she did not need to have mass said, that she was already perfectly happy. Many of the spirits sang, and frequently united with the circle in singing and seemed to rejoice that they could sing with earthly friends.

Another remarkable circumstance occurred, which deserves to be recorded. An intelligent and prominent young business man visited the circle or seance, who was not a believer in Spiritualism, was approached by a spirit, and on asking who it was talking to him, the answer came I am your brother H——. "Upon being asked when and where he passed over, the spirit brother went on to give the time, place and all the principal circumstances of his death and named persons who were present. Another spirit brother came, and upon being asked who he was, answered, "I am brother G——." This spirit brother went on like the first and gave the details of his sickness and death so graphically and truthfully that the young business man was thoroughly convinced of the identity of his spirit brothers, and wept for joy. What made this so remarkable, not a single person at the seance knew anything about the family of this young man. He came here from another State, bringing none of his people with him.

I could go on giving incidents which occurred during Mrs. Seery's three weeks' stay here, but think it unnecessary. I will, however, mention the fact, that may not be generally known, that besides being a trumpet medium Mrs. S. is also being developed as an independent slate writing and materializing medium. She therefore possesses a rare combination of mediumistic power, which combined with her lady-like deportment and popular manners, makes her a great favorite with Evansville people.

Fraternally yours, W. R.

December 19.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she only uses Hall's Hair Renewer.

Topeka, Ks.

Regarding Mrs. Foye's services, the Democrat of the 10th December says:

Music Hall was crowded last evening by a refined and cultured audience to witness the Spiritualistic phenomena as exemplified by Mrs. Ada Foye.

After a short lecture as to what was Spiritualism the eminent lady, in question, invited all present to ask questions concerning Spiritualism and spiritualistic phenomena.

Many availed themselves of this opportunity and were evidently satisfied with the ready answers received.

After all the questions were in Mrs. Foye occupied the platform alone and all present were requested to write the name of some departed friend on a slip of paper and fold the same up.

Some two or three hundred ballots were thus collected by gentlemen selected from the audience. These ballots were piled up indiscriminately on the table in front of the medium. Spirits were then summoned, all, under the broad glare of the electric light and they came in a rush.

A dozen or so wanted to speak at once.

In fact the medium had hard work to control her friends of the spirit world. So anxious were they to make themselves known to some of the audience.

Mrs. Foye would read out the name of a spirit, written in the air, who desired to communicate with thus and so in the audience. The conversation would be carried on by writing in the air, or on paper, and in every instance truthful incidents, or wished for messages were given, known only to the parties in question in the audience.

This was not only done once, but fifty times, and the parties in the audience who were called upon by spirits in the other world, testified then and there to the truthfulness of all that was related, also stating that they had never known or spoken with Mrs. Foye, and that it was simply impossible that she could have known of events transpired in all parts of the union, some as long as fifty years ago.

The ballot test was probably the most interesting feature of the open seance.

Mrs. Foye's hand would hover over the ballots on the table till the spirit impelled it to take up a certain ballot.

This she would hold in her fore finger and thumb for a moment, still unopened, and ask the spirit if it were certain this was the ballot wanted. A reply would come in the shape of three knocks on the ceiling or floor or platform, so distinct as to be heard by all the audience.

The medium would then hand the ballot, still unopened, to some party in the audience to hold. The spirit would then be asked to spell his or her name. This was invariably done, and the ballot was opened the name spelled was always found to correspond with the name written, and strange to say, the ballot always got into the hands of the party who had put it in.

At one time Mrs. Foye handed the ballot she had in her hand to a gentleman near the stage, when she suddenly stopped and said: "Hold on; that ballot is not for you." "There is the spirit standing right along side of you, sir," said she, pointing out a certain man in the audience. "It has its hand on your shoulder. The spirit says you are the person for whom the ballot is intended.

The gentleman in question took the ballot, opened it and said he had written the name on the ballot.

Questions, either mental or real, were asked these spirits by all who were summoned by them and satisfactory answers were received.

In truth it was a wonderful exhibition and the Democrat, while not saying anything pro or con on the subject, advises all who want to witness something truly wonderful, done under the full glare of the electric light, to go to Music Hall next Sunday evening and see for themselves.

Mrs. Foye only remains in Topeka during two more Sundays, when she leaves for San Francisco.

Go early if you want a seat, as the hall is always packed at 7.30.

Washington, D. C.

Surely may the Spiritualistic fraternity here now say "We are blessed." The month has been very mild and for the most part lovely as to weather, and the Sundays particularly favorable for large audiences. Of course, I need not tell you that the Spiritualists of to-day, as well as the Christians of old, wear "silver slippers," and are apt to stay away from their public sanctuaries in rainy weather.

Mrs. Nellie Brigham, who has not for a number of years been before the Washington people, has filled the speaker's desk during the current month with the greatest satisfaction to her hearers. Those who hear her once are not satisfied to remain away on repitition of opportunity. For myself, a decade and more have passed since I had heard her. It was with pleasing anticipations that I looked forward to hearing her earnest pleadings for the new revelation, clothed in charming rhetoric. I was not disappointed and more than satisfied. The years have left their marks in a sprinkling of frost upon her hair and thought lines upon her brow, but they have done more than this. They have increased her logical power and given vigor unknown of old to her utterances. If the hammer with which she drives her truths home is decorated and padded, it is none the less wielded by a powerful hand, and every argument or statement clinched immovably. Mrs. Brigham's popularity extends to the social circle as well as the auditorium. She has been the recipient of much attention, and all who have met her are charmed with her. It is indeed a privilege to know her.

We are also under great obligations of thankfulness to the spirit-world for the presence of remarkable mediums in our midst.

Dr. Stansbury, the noted slate writing medium, of whom I hope before long to write from personal experience, is with us, and from statements made me by several friends who have had sittings with him, is giving great satisfaction.

Of Mrs. Ross, materializing medium, I can speak from personal investigation and knowledge, and at the risk of taking up perhaps more space than is my due, I must give you a sketch of my sittings with her. I have attended four public circles on consecutive Wednesdays, and three of a series of private seances held by a circle of ten under special conditions.

It would be impossible in any space that could be allowed me, to give any satisfactory account of all that has taken place at these seances. I shall therefore, in the main, confine myself to that portion of them which was addressed to me personally.

At the first seance I was called to the cabinet to see a presence giving the name of Wolff. My husband had been gone so short a time that I was not looking for him, but when thus called, I thought it must be had come. On going up, however, I found his father, whom I at once recognized from the vivid likeness to a photograph in my possession. He spoke to me and told me that when my husband was stronger he would come. On this occasion as many as twenty materializations presented themselves, most of whom were recognized. I recognized one beside my father-in-law, a lady I had known years ago in New York. She spoke with me and gave me a message to deliver to a friend, which was in itself a remarkable test.

The following Wednesday but one my father-in-law came again and told me to "look for John." In a few minutes I was again called to the curtain, and there was Mr. Wolff, supported not by his father, but by the Indian Black Kettle, who was said to be one of his "band." The Indian was in full dress, "war paint and feathers" I saw them both distinctly. Mr. Wolff was weak and spoke but little, and that only in reply to my queries, except that as I turned to go to my seat he waved his hand towards myself and some friends belonging to the society and exclaimed "Go on with the good work." At the following seance I saw him but he did not speak. My father-in-law was accompanied by his wife. They came out of the cabinet. Mother's face was not very distinct, but the test of her identity rested in a fact that no one but myself was aware of—she halted or limped in her walk.

At the next circle I had with me my adopted daughter. Mr. Wolff came stronger than on previous occasions. For the first time he touched me. I had had a nervous headache all day. He seemed aware of it, for he put up his hands as he used to under similar occasions and stroked my forehead. My headache ceased. His hands were cold and damp as when he was passing away. His face was unmistakable, though on each occasion it has lacked something of the familiar expression of lif-time. He was so marked a man that I cannot be mistaken.

At the last private seance he was still stronger. He took my hands, drew me down and kissed me. He shook hands with Mrs. Crandall and Mrs. Hart, two dear friends, who both fully recognized him; also with Mr. Ross the conductor to the circle to whom I introduced him. Father told me that my husband, while now very strong on the spiritual plane, and busy with the projection and completion of his unfinished work was yet weak in the physical, taking on to a great degree the conditions of his body just previous to passing over. He said that Mr. Wolff had no desire to return in this way except as proof of the great fact; and that whenever he did come it would be past all cavil.

These seances were under test conditions that should satisfy any reasonable person. The room is second story over a store. The cabinet is on the side opposite the doors of ingress and egress. The circle extends in front of the doors which are locked. It would be an utter impossibility for any person to enter or go out unperceived. And yet two or three persons appear at once—young, old, children.

But I have trespassed too much already on your space. Till again,

HANNAH L. WOLFF.

Boston, Mass.

Last Sunday The Echo Spiritualist meetings were held in America Hall, 729 Washington Street. As usual, the services were well attended and very interesting, as well as instructive, several of the regular mediums participating in remarks of a high order and clearly recognized tests. Good music was rendered by the usual talent of this place during the three services.

Also services last Thursday were well attended and interesting.

Regular services every Thursday at 3 o'clock, and every Sunday at 10.30, 2 30 and 7.30.

P. S.—I wish, Mr. Editor, to correct a statement which has appeared twice in your columns, as you have published it directly opposite of what I wrote in the report. Why, I persist is this? I do not wish to have the public deceived or misled in the matter. It is this. You stated that on Thursday, November 21, Frank G. Algerton, the "boy medium," was present and pleased a large audience with his answered questions, tests and independent slate writings. Mr. Algerton was to be there upon that date, according to engagement, but disappointed a large audience, owing to an unaccountably defective memory. DR. W. A. HALE, Chairman.

– M. M. HOLT, Secretary

The meeting of the Independent Club at Twilight Hall, December 17th, opened with singing by the audience, followed by a song and piano solo by Mr. Harry W. Stratton.

Mrs. F. K. Rich made a short address, referring to a clairvoyant vision seen while upon the platform, and gave a recitation of the poem entitled "Wishing."

Mrs. Jennie Counant spoke earnestly of all being independent in thought and daring to work for the right, following with tests.

Mr. Thomas Dowling, in his usual forcible manner, spoke of the deep meaning of the spiritual philosophy as a life-time study, together with the personal experiences, closing with an improvised poem and a song from a subject given from one in the audience.

Mrs. Nettie Wentworth favored the audience with the song, "Last Night," accompanied by Mrs. Ida Whitlock, and Mrs. M. A. Chandler closed the interesting exercises with tests and earnest words upon the good work which can be accomplished in the field of Spiritualism.

The club has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Frank G. Algerton at the weekly meetings for a month, commencing with Tuesday evening, December 24th.

C. B. F.

December 19th being the first anniversary of the first Nationalist Club of Boston, the friends of the movement celebrated the occasion by gathering in Tremont Temple. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, the large hall being packed "from floor to ceiling." The afternoon meeting began at 2.30 o'clock; Mr. Geo. D. Ayers, president of the Nationalist Club, occupied the chair. He gave a brief account of the Nationalist movement: I think he said we have great cause for congratulation when we see how this movement has gone forward during the current year. It is only a year ago, on the 15th of December, that the Nationalist movement was first formally organized. Since that time there has been organized in various parts of the country, nearly fifty clubs. The Nationalist Magazine, started about May 1st, has had a circulation of nearly 75,000 copies. The Nationalist clubs formed and in course of formation include at least 6,000 members.

The afternoon proceeding consisted of reports from different clubs through their delegates who were present. San Francisco, New York, Washington, Albany, Brooklyn, Portsmouth, Lynn and many others were represented. Prof. De Leon, president of Columbia College, New York, was the first speaker. He began by saying that in truth Nationalism was simply the modern form of a movement which had been going on for ages and which in all time had been the expression of an effort to improve social conditions and elevate humanity.

At the evening session the Rev. Edward Everett Hale presided; the proceedings were opened by President Geo. D. Ayers. In the course of his address he drew the attention to the fact that at the time Mr. Bellamy was writing "Looking Backward," Dr. Hale, the author of "How They Lived in Hampton," was working at the same idea, and was penning the words, "Nationalism starts from below and works up to the grand co-operation of all." Rev. Edward E. Hale was the next speaker; at the close of his address, which was admirable, he introduced Mr. Bellamy in the following words: "A book of mine has been mentioned by your president which, unfortunately, nobody has read. I will now introduce a gentleman whose book everybody has read." As Mr. Bellamy came forward he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, which finally found expression in three hearty, rousing cheers. It was hard to realize that the slight, youthful, modest-appearing person before us was indeed the author of that grand and soul-inspiring book, "Looking Backward"; and as we gazed we were more than ever convinced that he was, through natural adaptation, an instrument in the hands of higher beneficent powers. He received his enthusiastic reception with quiet dignity and a seeming consciousness that not to himself as an individual was it accorded, but rather to the grand, sublime and humanitarian principles he so ably advocates.

Mr. Bellamy's address consisted of a forcible showing of the danger that threatens the life of our republic if allowed to be governed by money power. The way to avoid the fate that has overtaken nations in the past when so ruled was clearly set forth. The first step to be taken was the Nationalization of Industry. The time had come when the rail road, telegraph, telephone and express systems should pass into the hands of the nation, and the lighting of towns and cities, either by gas or electricity, should be under municipal control. The employment of children should be strictly forbidden and their education made compulsory to the end that equality of educational opportunities for all be established. Meanwhile, he said, we urge such partial support as maybe needful to enable them to attend school be provided, under proper guards from the public treasury, for the children of parents unable to maintain them without aid from their labors. Seeing that it would be manifestly inconsistent to make the education of our children compulsory while permitting the unlimited importation of adult ignorance and vice, we propose, as a necessary complement to any system of education, such regulation of foreign immigration as, without prejudice to honest and intelligent poverty, shall prevent the importation of persons grossly illiterate in their own language, of the defective and of criminals. The coal mining industry should also be nationalized, as at present it was most rapaciously conducted as regards the public, and most oppressively as respects a large body of laborers. It is an essential feature of the method of Nationalism that as fast as industries are Nationalized or municipalized, the condition of the workers in them shall be placed upon a wholly business and satisfactory basis.

In reviewing the measures which have been mentioned as substantially representing the demands of Nationalists, it is observable, he said, that there is not one of them that is not demanded by the considerations of humanity and public expediency quite without reference to Nationalism. A man has no need to be a Nationalist to advocate them all.

As to the question of Woman's Rights, Nationalism proposes to put an end to every form of sexual slavery and place feminine freedom and dignity upon an unassailable basis, by making women equal shareholders in the industrial partnership of the nation, and thus, under all circumstances, absolutely independent of man for the means of support.

As to race issue, the industrial discipline imposed upon all by Nationalism, while of general benefit to the white population of the South, in common with that of the North, will be an ideal system for developing, restraining, and elevating the recently emancipated colored race.

Also that Nationalists advocated no rash or violent measures, or such as would produce derangement of business or undue hardship to individuals; they aimed to change the law by the law, and constitions, if necessary, by constitutional methods. The methods of Nationalism is essentially gradual and progressive, rather than abrupt and violent. The method of evolution as opposed to that of revolution. Prof De Leon followed Mr. Bellamy. Mr. Hutchinson, father of the famous family of singers of that name, with his daughter, sang a grand and stirring anthem, entitled "The People's Advent."

Mrs Niles rendered Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells," in a most acceptable manner. The last speaker was Rev. F. A. Hinckley, who replied to petty objections made against the scheme of Nationalism as depicted in "Looking Backward. During the evening copies of the December number of the Nationalist were distributed among the audience by the American Supply Co., a business firm located on Washington street. This house has distributed 25,000 copies within a few weeks. They give as a reason that they are in full sympathy with Edward Bellamy's principles, and say that they believed in the "Brotherhood of Humanity," and will co-operate with all movements which tend to elevate the employer whose interest and theirs is identical.

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL.

BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

Now is the time when turkeys are being gobbled up by sellers and gobbled down by purchasers.

A benefit entertainment for Mrs. Glading will take place at G. A. R. Hall, Cincinnati, on the 29th of January, 1890.

The ladies of the Union Spiritualists Society will give a supper and dance at G. A. R Hall Wednesday evening, January 8, 1890.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings is Christmasing at Fayetteville, N. C. On January 5th she begins a month's administration for the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Send two 2-cent stamps, your name and age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease, free. Address

J. C. BATDORF,
PRESIDENT MAGNETIC INSTITUTE,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER!

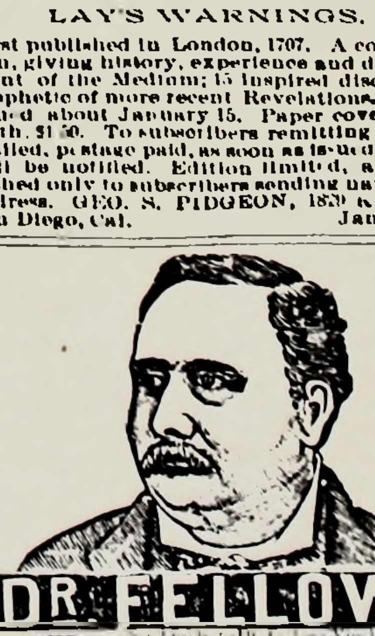
Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power.

DR. A. B. DOBSON,
Maquoketa, Iowa.

1707 The most remarkable and valuable Record of Spirit Phenomena ever given to the world from the time of Christ down to the middle of this century, is contained in

LAY'S WARNINGS.

First published in London, 1707. A compilation, giving history, experience and development of the Medium; 15 inspired discourses, prophetic of more recent Revelations. To be issued about January 15. Paper cover, $1.00; cloth, $1.50. To subscribers remitting will be mailed, postage paid, as soon as issued; others will be notified. Edition limited, and furnished only to subscribers sending name and address. GEO. S. PIDGEON, 1839 K Street, San Diego, Cal. Jan25



What We Know of Dr. Fellows.

Inquiries are frequently received asking what we know about Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J.. First, we know that he is a reliable gentleman of rare professional skill, who has earned success by good work. Second that he fulfills all his agreements to the letter. Third, that he has performed cures of hopeless cases that in the olden time his skill would have been called miraculous. Fourth and last, we know him to be an honest man, and a staunch Spiritualist.—THE BETTER WAY.

MISS LILLIE COOPER
Trumpet Medium
830 Court Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sittings daily from 9 o'clock a. m. till 4 p. m., and Tuesday and Thursday Eve.

MRS. J. H. STOWELL
TRANCE MEDIUM,
No. 469 BAYMILLER STREET,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sittings Daily for Information and Tests from 9 O'clock a. m. to 4 p. m.

MRS. S. SEERY,
Trumpet Medium
26 Pine Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Sittings daily from 9 o'clock until 4 for Business and Social Information. Evening Seances by arrangement, either at her residence or that of patrons.

Mrs. F. F. HILLIARD,
TRANCE,
TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM
—AND—
MAGNETIC HEALER.
Parlors, 291 W. Seventh st., Cincinnati.

MRS. M. E. HEROSIA,
Business Medium
—AND—
CLAIRVOYANT,

Will give readings by letter of future business prospects, or of spirit friends for $1.00; or will answer six questions for 50 cents. Address, Mrs. M. E. Herosia, 121 4th Ave., New York City.

NOTICE TO INVESTIGATORS.

A. WILLIS,
MATERIALIZING MEDIUM
21 BROADWAY, CITY.

Hereby announces that only such investigators or non-Spiritualists will be hereafter admitted to his seances who hold a recommendation from avowed Spiritualists.

Seances every evening at 8 p. m., except Thursdays and Saturdays.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Consult with PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE in all matters pertaining to pratical life, and your spirit friends. Send lock, or handwriting, and one dollar. Will answer three questions free of charge. Send for Circulars. Address 195 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

A LIBERAL OFFER
By A Reliable
Clairvoyant & Magnetic Physician

Send four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age and sex, and I will diagnose your case free by independent spirit writing. Address

Dr. J. S. Louck's, Worcester, Mass

PROF. J. D. LYON,
BUSINESS & TEST MEDIUM
SITTINGS DAILY.

Letters by mail, photographs or lock of hair successfully diagnosed. Circles Sunday at [illegible] and 7½ p. m. Forty years experience.

188 Richmond Street, Cincinnati, O.

Ask Your Druggist for

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

Established Chicago 1870 — 1888 Removed to Cincinnati.

Has cured many cases pronounced hopeless by physicians. Send for Free Book 'Common Sense Talk' and numerous testimonials. They will convince you.

Dr. SYKES' SURE CURE CO., 330 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Catarrh Can Be Cured
BY USING
POOLE'S
Magnetised Catarrh Remedy.

In examining eyes clairvoyantly to adjust spectacles, and looking for the chief cause of failing eyesight, I found it to be catarrh and cold in the head. This fact revealed to me the true nature of the trouble to be removed, and led to the discovery of my catarrh remedy. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causes healthy secretions, soothes and alleys all inflamation, completely heals sores in the head, restoring the senses of taste, smell and hearing. Tested for 20 years with complete success.

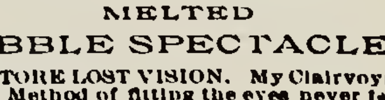
Upon receipt of $1.00 and 5 two-cent stamps, I will send, with full directions, post paid, one bottle of CATARRH CURE.

One pair Melted Pebble Spectacles, $1.10; one pint Eye Wash, 50 cents: one bottle Cure for Catarrh, $1.10, when ordered at one time, all will be sent postage paid, for $2.50.

Poole's Magnetic Compound
IS THE BEST
To Preserve and Restore Eye Sight

This remedy, known as my Magnetised Compound, has proved itself an invaluable remedy for external diseases of the eyes and eyelids. This compound has been tested by thousands, and proved itself worthy. For sore throat, swelled tonsils and sore mouth, it gives immediate relief. In cases of scalds, burns, bruises or any inflamations, it may be used with good results. Sufficient compound for one pint, 50 cents. Sent by mail, prepaid, with full directions. For any of the above, address

B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.



MELTED
PEBBLE SPECTACLES

RESTORE LOST VISION. My Clairvoyant Method of fitting the eyes never fails. Sent by mail, $1.10. State age and how long you have worn glasses, or send a two-cent stamp for directions. Address B. F. POOLE, CLAIRVOYANT OPTICIAN, Clinton, Iowa.

Mention this paper.

MRS. DR. ELLIOTT,
MENTAL HEALER,
HARTFORD, CONN.,

Will give absent treatment to the afflicted. Having first-class accommodations for a "Chronic Invalid" at her home, would be pleased to receive such, as a patient giving "Massage," and "Christian Healing" combined. Her success has been wonderful, as testimonials in her possession will testify. Distant treatment a specialty. Address for terms as above.

Ladies' Department.

Short and pithy contributions for this department solicited.

Written for The Better Way.

MOTHER.

ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

Not to the dear ancestral home,
Our loving hearts now turn to thee,
Nor to some mystic world unknown,
Beyond some magic crystal sea,
Or with some strange unnatural throng,
So dazed by an exalted bliss,
That mother-love, the deep, the strong,
Forgets its own, its last warm kiss,
No, not to these our fond hearts turn,
Or to that sacred grave so dear,
But from our inmost selves we learn,
Our mother dwelleth fondly near.

O, mother, never known before,
Thy glad, free spirit walks with mine,
Death—blessed angel swung the door
Wide open into life divine—
O, spirit-mother, life grown strong,
Ye waken senses, new and fair,
That sight that needs no share of sun,
But saves blind eyes from blank despair.
O, voice with not the faintest swell
Of sound, familiar to my ear,
O, touch, that does not touch, but tell
My waiting hands that thou art near.

O, blessed assurance, heavenly light,
Silence that to the spirit is
A revelation and delight,
The soul's most sacred silences.
O, spirit-mother, grandly wise,
O, spirit-mother, grandly free,
You now can help our souls to rise
Above the clod, to God and thee.

Written for The Better Way.

WORDS.

BY MRS. N. K. BURR.

We little think how much is always going on in what we call the underground of life, and how much more we have to do with those secret processes which underlie everything, that might, at first sight, appear. For just as the seed is the normal type of everything that presents itself to our view in this world, so it is eventually true, whether we realize it or not, that we are always casting seeds, which, apparently dead, are always alive. Every word we utter, every action we do, goes down into somebody's mind and lives there. The thoughts we implant take form and become again a word or an action in the life of another, and so on and on, and who shall draw the boundary? Everyone who is working for the upbuilding of truth, is sowing the good seed that shall live and grow in human minds, and is a worker in the highest of all services—the elevation of humanity. Let us labor steadily on—strong in the faith and with courage, living day by day the teaching divine which Spiritualism unfolds. It has brought me my present peace and happiness, rendering the whole course of my life brighter.

Through the columns of this paper came the first glimmering rays of light and spiritual life to me, and I still find each number deeply freighted with satisfying portions for every hungry soul—helpful thoughts, suitable for every condition, just the needful aid. The sweet spirit of love and good will emanates from all that is expressed in its columns, and one can feel purer and better for taking up the paper to read, even if the time is limited. Spiritualism is of love, and calls for our noblest efforts in its behalf on every hand. We are surrounded by those who need sympathy and help. Kind words are balm and comfort to the weary, making light many a heavy burden. There are dark problems of life which we cannot solve for ourselves, or for others, but we can comfort one another. Give the handclasp close and tender, with the look of friendly eyes blending all the sweetness love can impart. Wait not with kind words unsaid while life's daily bread is broken, lest our peace and happiness be marred with regret of what we could have done had we not passed the opportunity by unimproved. The grandest and noblest work is that of ever doing good. The world needs light. It has had shadow, darkness and gloom long enough. Oh, for a universal illumination which shall reveal to all the spirit of truth—our leader, whose mighty power shall enable us to build up character, enlighten and elevate, 'till this glorious reality of light and love shall make us like itself, reflecting a brightness which no shadow can dim. It is grandly worth our while to work on with this end in view; so let us be faithful while the day lasts. Dear and familiar feet are going along the path with ours—feet fast and slow—trying to keep pace. If they mistake, or tread upon some flower, we would take them upon our breast; if some reed is bruised, or some poor hope be crushed, we may be mute, not turning quickly to condemn, but time our hearts to a gentler beat, for they and we have such a little way to go, can be together such a little while along this path, that we can be patient and helpful, clinging closer to each other as we journey on to the beautiful beyond.

"Oh hearts, beat closer, closer!
For the days are short and few:
Soon the dear ones fade from out our sight,
And the sweet eyes close upon the light
And our love on earth is through."

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WOMEN WHO WRITE.

An Interesting Sketch of Famous Literary Members of the Gentler Sex.

The history of no literary family is so remarkable as that of the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte. They lived in a secluded hamlet in the North of England, and their first volume fell dead from the press, making a gap of over $350 in their slender income. It was a volume of poems supposed to be the production of three brothers, Currer (Charlotte), Ellis (Emily) and Acton (Anne) Bell. Charlotte afterwards achieved popularity as the author of "Jane Eyre," "The Professor," etc. When she called upon her publishers they discovered that Currer Bell, instead of being a man, was a diminutive and demure country girl, clad in rural simplicity. They would not believe that she was the author of such keen studies of social life and character until she presented their business correspondence as a proof. Emily, who wrote "Wurthering Heights," though timid as a fawn in society, was a woman of rare nerve. On one occasion she was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad. She walked to the kitchen, took a hot iron from the stove, and cauterized the wound without flinching, the sear being visible upon her hands until the day of her death. She did not tell her sisters of the accident until weeks afterward. There was something almost tragical about the rapidity with which the three sisters followed each other to the grave.

Mrs. Lewes, whose name was Marion C Evans, wrote under the masculine guise of George Eliot. She deceived the general public, but not Charles Dickens. He wrote to Mr. Blackwood in praise of her genius, whereupon Mr. Blackwood wrote back that the great novelist should not say her, but his. Dickens was not deceived, and when "Adam Bede" appeared his suspicions were confirmed. While the style was full of masculine power in its penetration and the depths of its philosophy, the female characters were far more ably drawn than the male ones.

When Mr. Jerdan first saw "L. E. L." (Letitia Elizabeth Landon) he was almost as much astonished as the publishers of "Jane Eyre" were when they learned that Currer Bell was a woman and not a man. "L. E. L." was brought into public notice by Mr. Jerdan while editor of the London Literary Gazette. He was struck with the delicately passionate sentiment of her poetry, and all he knew of her was that she was quite young and wrote with graceful ease. In a little while her poetry began to be quoted, praised and talked about. The author was living with some old maids who had educated her, and one day he received an invitation to call on her.

The ladies welcomed him heartily, and had a great deal to tell him of the gifted contributor. While seated at an open window he saw a little girl trundling a hoop along the gravel walks in the garden. He noticed that her figure was petite, her face expressive but childlike, and her eyes very brilliant.

"Dear me," he said, as the little creature continued her sport, "I wonder when that little girl will stop? That play with a hoop on a hot day like this must fatigue her very much."

"Little girl!" exclaimed one of the elderly ladies, bristling up "Why, that is Miss Landon, the young poetess of whom we are so proud, and whom you have appeared anxious to see."

Mr. Jerdan had expected to see a young lady, but certainly not a diminutive creature not yet sixteen years old.

Alice Carey fought her way to success through more than ordinary difficulties Her stepmother thought that all study was a waste of time. She kept her at household trudgery during the day, and denied her candles at night. But her ambition was not to be crushed so easily. She read and wrote until midnight; a saucer of lard, with a rag for a wick, furnished her with light.

Miss Alcott's first book. "Hospital Sketches," which she always affirmed was the best of her works, fell dead from the press, but she was too plucky to be disheartened. She produced "Little Women," and it met with favor at once, and she followed it with the other pleasing books that brought her a royalty of about $80 000. And yet the publisher to whom she first offered "Little Women" returned it to her with the fatherly admonition that she had better stick to school teaching and give up authorship.

George Sands smoked in her old days. For months before her death she suffered intensely without uttering the least complaint. In her last sickness of eight days she covered her face during the deepest anguish, as the Romans used to do when they felt that their end was drawing near.

Some female writers of a generation ago, whose first books were a success, scarcely live in our memories now. Among them might be named Fanny Fern, whose "Fern Leaves" reached a sale of 95,000 copies; Fanny Forester, whose "Alderbrook" reached a sale of 40,000 copies, and Miss Cummings, author of the "Lamp Lighter," of which 100,000 copies were sold.

The average longevity of literary ladies would indicate that activity of the brain has the effect of lengthening their lives rather than shortening them. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel reached the ages of 92 and 98 respectively. Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth died at 82 Miss Harriet Lee attained the age of 95, and Mrs. Marcet 89. Jane Porter died at 75, Hannah Moore at 88, Miss Mitford at 69, and Mrs. Radcliffe at 59. The average longevity of the ten ladies named was 82 years.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my daughter Lucy married a blacksmith, and they have a fine house and are getting along nicely. Mary married a butcher and is nicely provided for. Jennie married a section hand and they are happily situated.

Mrs. Jones—And your daughter Gladys?

Mrs. Smith—Alas! she married a foreign nobleman. I send her two dollars per week and some discarded dresses, and by taking in washing, she manages to support the family.

Pen Wipers.

Written for The Better Way.

Of the thousands of pen wipers that our lady friends are making annually, hardly ten per cent. are put to practical use. The majority are used as ornaments or regarded as souviners merely. The main objection to them is that they are made of woolen stuffs and do not absorb the ink. Would a woman use a piece of flannel or cassimere to wipe off a wet slab or window pane? The principle is the same. A substitute has been found in damp sponges, which are to be had at stationary stores, put up in glass stands, ready for use, and beside these lie the woolen pen wipers mourning. But a still better substitute is found in old linen handkerchiefs, and pen wipers made from these are just the thing needed. Nearly everybody has a worn out handkerchief, and thus easily put in possession of the necessaries. Fold it up as you would when ironing it, until it reaches the size of the palm of your hand. In the center of this folding sew a small button. Then trim around with a scissors into the shape of a wheel. The top layer may be ornamented with fancy work or an extra piece laid on, but not of too heavy a fabric. Such makes the most practical pen wiper, and one that will be used, for nothing cleans a pen more effectually, leaving not even the moisture that the sponge does, and thus preserves the pen.

Reading for Women.

Frances Willard is truly a brancher out in all the good works that tend to lift humanity up to a higher plane of life and make the world better, and she says a great many good and true things besides temperance sentiment. The following good advice is now going the rounds of the press.

Frances Willard urges women to read newspapers. She says: "Women are a set of passivities on this subject as a class, and I am never more annoyed for my 'sect' than when the newsboy goes trotting through at full speed if he finds that the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a vim, and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose patronage in that way. Gossip is nothing but small news—the nickles, pennies and dimes, while the newspapers deal in dollars, V's and X's; so it widens the mind more to read the newspapers than to gossip about the neighbors." Not all women have access to newspapers as those engaged in the public walks of life, but no woman in this land where newspapers are scattered broadcast, almost like the leaves of the forest, need be ignorant of the passing events of the day. By reading, not only will the common drudgery of life be forgotten for the time, but both physical and mental rest will be secured. Men who sit at the desk, work in the shops or on the farm during the day, rest in the evening time, in slippered feet and easy chair with the newspapers; why do women not do the same, not only so, but when tired during the day snatch a moment now and then to read a bit of news; thus will she keep pace with the husband on topics of the day, whether political or otherwise. Especially do teachers need to read the newspapers. Thinking upon the few subjects taught day after day in the schoolroom, subjects studied over and over all their lives, while preparing to be teachers, is no inspiration, and while one may fill the office of teacher admirably, outside of the schoolroom some, at least, become almost a nonenity, simply because the mind is allowed to go into one rut. The bread and butter is a necessity, and if slackness in the daily schoolroom round is seen, another stands ready to push her way into the place. Knowing this every energy bends to the one aim of life. Can we not trace the early "breaking down" of teachers to mental strain rather than the physical labor of the schoolroom? It is said that teachers who follow the profession for many years seldom rise to places of eminence. There is no reason for this, only that they allow their minds to be dwarfed and stunted by continued "one line of thought." Read, read newspapers, and cheat the doctors out of their bills by keeping a healthy, mental vigor.

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Women are not Jokers.

Women, as a rule, are not fond of jokes; they listen to clever stories with simulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason for this lies in one of the essentials in the make-up of women—her profound and tender sympathy. Humor deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes foibles and punctures tender skin. Humor sets the world laughing at some blunder of man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humorists they would not be the most earnest church workers, the most tender of nurses and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman shrink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humorist. Wit a woman may have, wit she does possess, and is a formidable adversary with the stilletto points of irony and satire. But humorous, in the common acceptance of the term in the careless, rollicking, stinging art of current quibs and jests, never.—Washington Post.

One of our Spiritualistic exchanges advertises 198 lecturers. There is no reason why people should not know as much about the next world as about this, if the lecturers know anything about it.—Boston Investigator.

MEETINGS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, hold meetings at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10:45, and Sunday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome.

The Lyceum for children and adults meets at G A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, Cincinnati, every Sunday at 9½ A. M. All are cordially invited.

Douglas Hall, N. W. Sixth and Walnut streets, trance lecture every Sunday at 3. p m. by Mrs. Adah Sheehan. Admission free. Strangers cordially invited.

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 2 P.M. at the American Health College, Fairmount. Free to all.

Boston, Mass.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM, No. 9 Bosworth street—Seances are held every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall —Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Richard Holmes, President; Albert F. Bing, Treasurer; O. L. Rockwood, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Exeter streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public meetings every Sunday.

The Temple Fraternity School for children meets at 10½ a.m.; afternoon services at 2¾, and Wednesday evening social at 7½.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1—Sessions every Sunday at 11 a. m. in (large) Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats free. Every one invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Conductor; H. O. Torrey, Corresponding Secretary.

1031 WASHINGTON STREET—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday. Private seance, for members only, first Friday in each month. Public meetings every Friday evening at 7½. Mrs. A. E Barnes, President; Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10½ A. M. 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays, at 2½ and 7½ P.M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Dr. E. H. Mathews, Chairman.

America Hall, 724 Washington street.—Services each Sunday. Dr. W. A. Hale, Chairman.

A Public Social Meeting will be held every Thursday evening at 7½ in the office parlors of Evans House, 175 Tremont street Eliza J. Bennett.

The Spiritualistic Phenomena Association hold their meetings in the Lyceum Hall, 1031 Washington street. It is the hall above the Ladies' Aid Hall

Chelsea.—Spiritualist meetings are held in Pilgrim Hall, Odd Fellows Building, each Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Meetings are held at Grand Army Hall, Sundays at 2½ and 7½ p. m. All mediums invited. G. F. Slight, Chairman.—The Ladies' Social Aid Society holds its meetings every Friday afternoon and evening at 196 Chestnut street M L. Dodge, Sec.

Cambridgeport.—Meetings are held every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

New York, N. Y.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 219 West 42d street, New York City, on the first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m.

☞ All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with THE ALLIANCE—either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

Spiritualists who are disposed to aid the American Spiritualist Alliance can do so by sending subscriptions to its treasurer, F. S. Maynard, 210 Washington st., who will acknowledge all remittances.

THE ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead," and all such are invited to become members.

Henry J. Kiddle, President.
J. F. Clark, Cor. Secretary, 59 Liberty St, N.Y.

Columbia Hall, 878 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets.—People's Spiritual meeting. Services every Sunday at 2¾ and 7¾ p. m. Mediums and speakers always present. F. W. Jones Conductor

Adelphi Hall, corner 52d street and 7th avenue.—First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m., 2¾ and 7½ p. m.

A General Conference will be held every Monday evening at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Morrell.

The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday evening of each week at 230 W. 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Morrell.

The Psychical Society meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 510 6th avenue, near 30th street. J. F. Snipes, President, 476 Broadway.

Philadelphia, Pa.

First Association hold their meetings every Sunday morning and evening at their hall, 8 0 Spring Garden st. Lyceum, 2 1-2 p. m J. Wood, Pres.

The Second Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 3 P. M. at their church, Thompson Street between Front Street and Frankford Avenue. Circles and spiritual exercises 3 p. m. and 7 30 p. m Mrs T. J. Ambrosia, Trustee and Treasurer,—our mainstay of the Association—is always present, and Jacob Grupp, Philadelphia's best male medium, is very often present, office 1106 Fairmount Avenue. Mrs. L. Leidy, 1945 North 9th street, a member, does not forget us. J. Wallace, another member, is often with us. Mediums made welcome. Investigators and public cordially invited. T. J. AMBROSIA, President.

Keystone Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday at 2 1-2 p. m., at their hall N. E corner 8 and Cottonhill sts. Wm. Rowbottom, Chairman.

Fourth Association hold their meetings every Sunday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock at N. E corner 3rd and Girard Ave. Mrs. M. Brown, President.

Cleveland.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1.—Meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Liberalists earnesly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend FREE.

Spiritualist Meetings, Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Every Sunday at 7:30 p m.

Children's Lyceum every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. I. W. Pope, Conductor. Friends and public cordially invited.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society meets every Sunday at 2:00 p. m. in Probeck's Hall Farnklin Avenue. Admission free.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Spiritual Alliance meets in Waucota street Chapel, between Eighth and Ninth streets, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. Mary A. Tussey, Sec. 223 East 8th street.

Toledo, O.

First Alliance of Progressive Thought meet every Sunday in Clark's Hall, Cherry street. President, J. B. J[illegible]son, 2018 Locust street; Secretary, W. M. Smith, 949 Dorr street.

Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Harmonial Society of Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 7:45 p. m at their new hall, n. w. corner Peoria and Monroe Street.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society of Chicago hold a musical and literary entertainment at their hall every Sunday evening.

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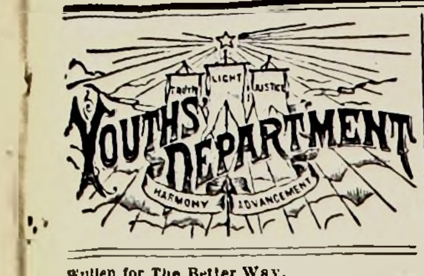

Written for The Better Way.

THE POWER OF SONG.

BY L. BUCK.

The village of Slayslide had evidently not as yet received the contaminating touch of modern civilization known as the railroad and the telegraph. To have broached the subject of building a railroad, or urged the construction of telegraphic communication, would have been considered as presumptuous and daring. If the good matrons of Slayslide would have been compelled to pass you, as the author of these innovations, they were under deep obligations to themselves and the dignity of Slayslide, to have gathered their skirts, much like when a muddy lane was to be crossed, and the expression on their matronly faces would have been interpreted as contempt by a malignant person. This antipathy, I am fully assured, was equally shared by the worthy masters and men of the village; for was it not the best Slayslidic reason that argued: that as they, and before them, their fathers, had been contented and successful with affairs as they were, they should remain so? Clearly apparent it will be then, that it was not born of a spirit of hostility toward you that they discountenanced such bold schemes, but the general peace of Slayslide demanded it and they were patriotic enough to act accordingly. There exist, no doubt, several and distinct kinds of patriotism; but the patriotism that has commanded universal and ardent admiration is the one: when, the preservation of peace and the maintenance of sound public morality depends upon the exercise of the tongue of man and the volubility of woman's, no one shrinks from doing this sacred duty.

Now, without the least sex pride or prejudice, I esteem it an honor to place on record the laudable fact, that the good women of Slayslide were far more patriotic in this respect than the men.

After the citation of this authority against innovation, I do distinctly remember one person before whom you could have obtained a hearing. I refer to the distinguished innkeeper of the Slayslide Tavern. The first reason is: You would be a stranger, and as such you would be supposed to stand in need of assistance in the liquid form of ale and porter. And, curious as it may seem, it was nevertheless true, that the greater the celerity with which you exchanged coin for the hospitalities of the inn, the more marked and intense became the attention of the portly and good-natured Mr. Faucet. But if it should have chanced that Mr. Drawback (who was leader of the contra innovationists) would have come in at the precise moment when Mr. Faucet seemed most gracious to your plans, it would have occurred to you, not rudely, as portly Mr. Faucet never was guilty of rude actions, that Mr. Drawback's appearance had something to do with Mr. Faucet's just assumed neutrality on questions and things innovative. Gossiping spirits of the village often termed this hypocritical, but this was a most glaring perversion. Was not Mr. Faucet firmly intrenched behind the circumvallation of his own acute and logical reasoning for so doing? When he was in with individual company, he thought and spoke individually, but it altered things materially when there were divers interests to combat. He strove to please, and this could only be attained by remaining neutral and holding aloof when discussion waxed warm. When appealed too for a decision, he gave a knowing and peculiar twist of his head, which insured immediate satisfaction, as it gave to the disputants the privilege of interpreting it to his or their particular view of the "point" so disputed. This was the perfection of his art, and had he not a just right to be perfect in his capacity. Surely.

I have been somewhat minute in describing some of the traits and peculiarities of Slaysliders. This will be forgiven, when, as an extenuation for this seeming unnecessity, I mention that an ancient and most esteemed philosopher of Slayslide, stated to me that a better view of people, confined to geographical limits known as villages, was presented by stating their aversions and antipathies, than by enumerating their favorable regards and inclinations. "Measure a man by his objections and dislikes," said he, "and you have the best estimate of his character."

Slayslide nestled—if we consider the tree-topped hills gigantic trees of rock and ground, and the gently sloping sides, covered with grass and shrubtage, as the leaves and branches of imaginable trees—peacefully in Silver Creek valley.

The ridge of hills on the south side ran from a northeasterly to a southwesterly direction, along the base of which flowed the Silver Creek. Why it was called by that name I could never imagine, save that it perhaps retained its ancient name without being able to retain its pristine purity. As a very sacred to the historian of Slayslide, I discard the story as told by some good wives, that an ancient people who once possessed the land, became angry at their deity made of clay, because of a long drouth, and exposed him to the sun. The natural sequence was that rays of the sun beat pitilessly and unremittingly upon the uncovered head of the god of theirs; and, strangely, it was discovered that the deity of moist clay, when exposed to heat became hard and baked. And ancient Slaysliders reasoned that a deity which was less able to withstand the heat than they, poor mortals, was unable to sit in the position previously accorded him. And it was resolved, by common consent, to cast him in Silver Creek. The same was done. But what astonishment was theirs when, the moment it touched the water, the pure and limpid stream became foul and turbulent as a fitting punishment for this iconoclastic indulgence. It is claimed by some that a voice was heard issuing from the creek, saying: "Ye never more shall refresh your parched throats from this stream. Impurity shall be its principle component and disrelished shall be it by whosoever undertaketh to drink it." The former part of this tradition might be accepted, but the latter is discredited by the fact that on the same evening of the day when this voice was heard, those persons so having heard were freely supplied with ale and porter by the remote ancestors of Mr. Faucet, which had the remarkable effect (by the free dispensation of ale and porter) of making every person of the same opinion before the next morning—that they heard the voice from the water; and, as among other things, opinion, too, seems to be hereditary, the present generation of Slaysliders abide by the notion that water of Silver Creek is unfit for internal application.

The hills on the south side of Slayslide served a pasture for the good villagers' cows and horses. These hills were called "mountains" by them, and it was with considerable pride that Mr. Faucet pointed to his grandfather as being the author of the remarkable observation, "Thet we could, inde-e-d, be grateful to our Almighty Creator, thet those mountains weren't volcanies, and throwed ashes and other firing things, else we'd a-bin buried long ago, like Pompi and Hercalanus was in Africa," who had a rather vague idea of geographical correctness. This Mr. Faucet proudly rehearsed, and twaddling Slaysliders were informed and instructed to look up to Mr. Faucet with pride as being the lineal descendant of a man of such remarkable and shrewd observation.

The village stretched northward and eastward for some distance, but not sufficiently northward to come in contact with the hills that fringed the northern horizon. There was nothing remarkable in the construction of the village; it was composed merely of one and two-story whitewashed frame dwellings. Every boy in Slayslide had a dog and a rooster. Although it was understood to be strictly forbidden to have any "cocking mains" or "dog pits," no Slayslide boy walked away from an opportunity to test his bird or dog. It was commonly told, with considerable snickering, that Deacon Brown, after watching his boy's bird being whipped through an aperture in the fence, waited for his boy to administer a deserved thrashing. He came. Deacon Brown was justly enraged. "My son, go in!" "Father, the bird was whipped, but he died game. But our dog jus' tore the stuffin' out'n neighbor Green's!" The deacon's face is said to have relaxed considerably, and some report that he chuckled gleefully.

The most important building in Slayslide was the post office. Should it not be when the Congressman had obtained the aid of Andrew Jackson in securing the necessary funds for its erection. If you doubted the placard insured you that this was the

SLAYSLIDE POST OFFICE.

Stamps Exchanged for Cordwood.

Boots Mended and Soled.

David Grant, postmaster, issued from the door of the post office with a solitary letter. In front of the office stood the old mare, Bess, unchained, untied, hitched to an old gig, that even to a superficial investigation would have seemed to have done considerable service. He leisurely swung one leg over the seat from the rear, slowly drew the other after the first, and placed the two side by side, and patted them with fraternal affection. Letting the lines dangle loosely by the side of the shaft, ready to be grasped if any obstacle rose in his path, he gave a short grunt, which Bess interpreted as meaning to go ahead, and correctly, because no contrary order was given. He is unconscious of the gazes which are cast admiringly from young Slaysliders on the postmaster.

"P h i l—well, that spells Phil. Phil—but what's the next? Green's got a boy named Philpot, but 'taint Philpot. Phila a—at Phila." If there was any solution of this enigmatic postmark to be had from beneath the depths of his woolly hair, I am sure he could have solved it. But it was useless. He was not an erudite scholar. "Anyway the best postmaster at Washington cou'dn't make out such blurred hen scratching." Satisfying himself with this latter remark, he thrust the letter into his pocket, picked up the reins and drove at a now rapid speed. He turns up the last lane of Slayslide and onto the pike.

Let us follow him. It is a June morning quite early. Nature still stands erect, crowned by the sweet and refreshing stimulus of last night's dew. The sweet, cool breeze from the western hills moves in silence over Grant's wrinkled but ruggedly honest face of sixty summers, but not so over the fields. See how gracefully sweeps the breeze. With one accord all heads bow. There is no obstinacy, no reluctance, no unwillingness to accede to the gentle request of the sweet breeze for obedience from the ripening grain. The breeze ceases. Again each shaft resumes its place, yet it has gained strength from bowing. Are our lives not like this? Are we not rooted deeper by winds and weather of adversity? Are not tears often a visitation of a beneficent Providence, washing the dust of contentment from our eyes, increasing our sight and intensifying our desire to reach the higher plane opened to us by sorrow?

A drive of two miles brought Grant near the terminus of his destination. The road, which hitherto had been through a level country, now gradually assumed a steeper grade, and seemed to justify the more than moderately slow rate which Bess had assumed. Even the wheels of the gig, with an in-and-out swaying motion in their slow revolution, paused for a moment on the top of a slight obstruction in the road, seemingly undetermined if a revolution to the front was more urgent, or if it should revolve rearward, then deliberately plunged forward, having come to this determination by the assistance of Bess, who had espied some desirable clover to the front and, in reaching down for the morsel, had placed a strain on the traces and thus urged the gig forward. This suddenly accelerated speed woke Grant from his deep reverie and, seeing the cause broke forth in the condemnation:

"Well, Bess, ain't you ashamed of yore-self? Git along!"

While Grant is leisurely driving through the gate of the place he is in quest of, let us take a view of the same.

Greenleaf, for such was its name, was situated on one of the hills to the north of Slayslide. It was a one-story brick structure, surrounded by magnificent beeches, which formed a splendid green foliaged background to show to a decided advantage the clean white color of the house, and the porticos on the south and west side of it. On the east was what was termed by the inmates of Greenleaf "Springhouse," an apartment under ground with cemented walls and bottom, on the latter of which was about a foot of clear crystal spring water, which bubbled gently from two openings in the floor. Projecting slightly above the water were quite a number of square blue limestone rocks, which served as resting places for crocks of butter, plates and dishes, whose contents it was desirable to keep cool. Through the center of "Springhouse" was a raised plank walk leading to several shelves, which served as a receptacle for various things. To the rear of Greenleaf—the north—were the outer buildings: the stable for cow and horse, chicken shed and pig sty. These buildings would suggest themselves as being inconsonant with the balance of Greenleaf; but it was not so. Whitewashed inside and out, punctilious order and care were manifest everywhere. But come within doors of Greenleaf; enter unannounced, for with me you are no stranger there. Stepping out on the portico on the south side, we enter through the open door; being northward enables us to see the outbuildings through the open back door. Through this passage or hall blows a cooling breeze at night, where all are wont to assemble at the day's close, thankful for peace and rest consequenced by honest toil. These rooms on each side of the hall running northward were used for and designated by the following purposes and names. The first on the east the study, then the bed room; then a spare room for visitors. On the west side, beginning from the rear, the cooking and eating apartments; two apartments for servants and then the room aside the study was the "best room." An even superficial observation of the study would have assured you that it was that of a clergyman; for there was the picture of John Wesley framed in massive oak. An investigation of the volumes on the shelves would have removed all doubts as to occupation of the proprietor. "Wesley's Sermons," "Chalmer's Sermons," 'Pilgrim's Progress," "Adam Smith's Commentories," "Paley's Natural Theology," "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," with bound volumes of "The Weekly Resource," are only partially indicative of the contents of the shelves. "Young's Night Thoughts." Coleridge and Wordsworth, too; while a somewhat dust-covered Shakespeare seemed lone and forsaken. The furniture of the balance of the house was of that order not long since vanished as too cumbrous and weighty, although the oak chairs and table seemed to match so well and nicely the long paneled white doors and large open fire hearth. With this visitation let us be satisfied for the nonce, and see what progress Bess and the postmaster have made.

We are just in time to see Grant press down the large brass knocker on the front door. The door swings back and a man who has just issued from the study appears. There is nothing handsome in his appearance, but there is everything to awaken an intense liking. His hair is gray, falling over the forehead and partly hiding a broad expanse of brow. A prominent nose, gray eyes, bushy eyebrows and side whiskers are the features which make with a deep chest and strong limbs, a figure commanding attention anywhere. His step is firm, his nature cheerful, as with deep and hearty voice postmaster Grant is asked to step in. "I have a letter for you, Mr. Danvent," said Grant, having seated himself, throwing his right leg over the left and gently moving the same back and forth, with a little reserve peculiar to parishioners when in the presence of their pastor. "It came last evening and I thought I'd bring it up, deemin' the name of some 'portance, ez it com' from the East as far as I could make it out."

"Thank you, Mr. Grant, thank you," with a vigor of fifty years which left no doubt as to the sincerity of the thanks. Rev. Danvent knew a little weakness of Mr. Grant's and asked him to see Starry, the servant girl, for a little of his good home brew. The moment Grant left for the rear Rev. Danvent fell to musing. He was not one of those rash and impetuous natures that would have hastily grasped the letter, looked at the same sideways, endways, reverse and reversely.

* * *

There are incidents in our lives which, occurring unforeseen and unexpectedly, recall with startling rapidity and distinctive clearness in an incomparably short space of time every thought, reflection, action and deed, from the time when comprehension and understanding first dawned upon our youthful minds to our now later and ripened hours. The handwriting on the envelope though even from his own brother brought him to those sweetly innocent days of his childhood—those days when he had roamed in the company of a younger brother in innocence and mirth over the hills of Slayslide. The picture of parents—his father, hard and rigid disciplinarian in all matters; his mother, with sweet and gentle manners, still moved before him with that charm of ease and grace of perfection which characterizes true maternal bearing. The period of instruction under his father, with the view of entering the ministry. His brother, whose wild and impetuous, though generous, nature rebelling against the restraints of study and father; the stormy scene between his father and William, the sequence of the discovery of the possession of infidelic literature; then, oh, it seemed so vague, yet he could distinctly feel the impression where his own lips had come in contact with his brother's, as with small bundle William had stolen quietly into his bedroom to plant a run-a-way brother's farewell kiss. There yet he stood by his bedside, he himself awake but immovable, held by some strange subtile power, hearing his brother lisp between the broken subdued sob, 'Good bye, brother; I should like to kiss her but father might—" then suddenly turn around and, last of all, his form vanishing through the door. His father after the discovery in the morning, agitated and flushed, his mother pale and in tears, yet possessed of that heroic calmness born of an anticipation of this event and of that resolve that keeps subdued and subjugated all those deep emotions and feelings of a woman's heart under most trying circumstances. Two years and then college. His departure from home; the sudden summons from home; death of his mother and burial; his return to college and graduation; his installation as pastor of Slayslide; the close of his father's life of a continued and aggravated illhumor and taciturnity; his own quiet wooing and winning of Lillian Grinvus, were mental pictures that spread themselves evanescently with various shades and power from the past upon the canvass of the present.

Once, and only once, had information reached the parsonage of William; and that through an unintentional and unexpected channel. It was shortly before his father's death that a copy of William Danvent's "Refutation" had reached his father's hands, wherein he showed that the claims made for the prenatal circumstances of Christ were but the adaptation of the fabulistic legend of Romulus and Remus. The condemnation and crucifixion of Christ was the logical and inevitable consequence of, the outcome, the product of, the Mosaic institutions. "The establishment," said he, "of a race so perseveringly clannish can only be effected and made perpetual by the rigid observation of restrictive laws supposably of divine origin. This will give rise, through the course of centuries, to such enactments that restrict, hinder and prevent the intercommunication of ideas, literature, habits and customs. The violation of laws of divine origin must merit death. The man who seeks the abrogation of such laws, the disestablishment of the manners, customs and usages which these divine laws have been the embryo of, does invoke upon himself the harsh and retributive vengeance of the ministers of such laws, who themselves are. but the executors of the penalties attached to the laws for such violation. Such laws, made for minds when in the infancy of enlightenment, surrounded by superstition, will, in an age of greater advancement and intellectual ability, create a spirit of condemnation against their execution. The era of the reformer sets in. He detects the inconsistencies and incongruities; he condemns the injustice and cruelties. But simultaneously with this spirit of condemnation, born of the reformer's desire toward correctives, is the fear of the loss of influence and power and position by those whom he is antagonistic to. Conflict between power and reformation ensues. The reformer is sacrifice on the cross of his teachings and opinions and apotheosized by succeeding ages."

He read no more. His face was of a livid hue when he cast the volume in the grate fire. With firmly clenched hands that left a pale-yellow and bloodless impression of the finger nails upon the palms of his hands, he glared into the fire long after the charred pages had vanished. William Danvent, as his son, was known to him no more.

* * *

Brushing the tear away that rolled down his cheek, the pastor proceeded to open the letter. The memory of the past, rushing tumultuously before him, had slightly moderated the blending of a feeling of joy and excitement; not that he entertained a chill of indifference toward him, but he was of that nature that gives way, momentarily, in silence, to those emotions which arise from a sudden contemplation of the past where sorrow has been mistress over events. We read with him:

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., June 20, 1839.

Dear Brother and Wife:—I have determined to visit our old home. My daughter Lucy will accompany me. We will arrive next Thursday. Very truly, W. DANVENT.

"Short and concise," was the audible expression that escaped his lips. "I will not tell Lillian until after supper." He shrank from communicating the news to her. Fully aware of the relationship existing between his brother and father, for she had conducted the domestic affairs of Greenleaf after the demise of his mother, she had studiously avoided alluding to the past. Slightly below a medium stature, with a luxuriant mass of auburn hair that fell far beneath the waist; a figure, whose every part was a perfect note that aided and made her being and presence a divine and harmonious melody that issued from the chords of the lyre of true domesticity. She moved with that grace born of an utter unconsciousness of assumed effort. Two brown eyes that peered through gold-rimmed glasses, in whose depths lay a whole world of soul, and thought, and power, won for Rev. Danvent a woman who had been the source of an inspiration and strength that had made his arduous life a burden borne without discontent. An intensely religious nature, she regarded William Danvent and his works to be avoided as things from the Devil. Infidel to her was a word that was a compendium of all that was abominable.

Supper came. It was simple. Rev. D Danvent was a vegetarian. "Meat," said he, "was at best but vegetable matter in secondary form. We should endeavor to partake of as much sunshine as possible, and meat is not pure sunshine. Man can subsist without flesh. There is no necessity of any indulgence in cruel and inhuman slaughter of domestic animals." And to enforce this statement he could point to forty years' good health on vegetable diet.

Supper being finished, he asked the blessing upon the past day's efforts and led his wife gently into the study.

He gave the letter to her to read. He had anticipated her conduct correctly. Her fine and sensitive religious nature shrank from a preconceived association with a skeptic.

"The Lord will perhaps prevent," she said, as she looked up through her moist eyes.

"Nay, not this," he said as he led her gently to the bed-chamber. He printed a fervent kiss upon her lips and resumed his work in the study. When he came in later, two tears hung suspended from the lashes of her closed eyes. He kissed them away. Was she dreaming of coming events. [To be Concluded.]

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"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words so that very little "power" is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

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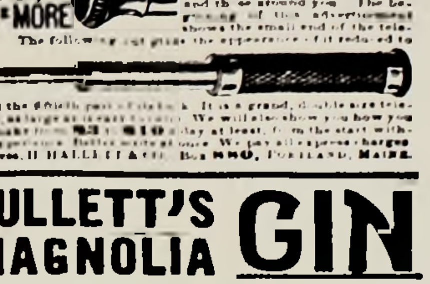

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THE DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Concluded From Page 1.

the fitness. Just where the best phenomena is produced there you have the elements of the most fitness. Where there are no phenomena produced you have no elements of fitness. Constitutional fitness is ever the producer of the phenomena.

Then you have duties to each other which impose upon you an intellectual obligation. When a man has a truth or a fact to hold before the world he cannot abrogate that duty of setting it before the world. Every man is not ready to see the demands of moral obligation. And yet it is a duty the authority of which cannot be set aside. The men who have followed up this authority with fidelity and enthusiasm are the moral leaders, the intellectual chieftains and captains of civilization. The man who fears to follow the promptings of his own reason is a coward! The man who goes to a Spiritualistic meeting when the night is dark and steals up the back stairs needs a little spiritual sustenance and moral backbone. Naturally he may be courageous, but the social sanction is too powerful on him.

Now let me say a word or two about the authority of social sanction. This authority of social sanction to-day is against Spiritualism. It is the conservative expression of reason and ignorance in combination. There will always be a conservative expression to social sanction—society could not go on without it. It is necessary to have Harrison and Cleveland, the north and south poles of politics. There must be a progressive and a conservative principle at work upon the social sanction. And when a man sees a fact, a truth or phenemenon that varies with the social sanction, and in his conscience knows that to be the truth, conscience has a higher right than social sanction. This has not been recognized by men very long.

I referred at the beginning of my remarks to the Puritans because of this illustration that I want to put in here. It was the rights of conscience which was the triumph in that Cromwellian age; it was the triumph of conscience, the sovereignty of conscience over the authority of social sanction. I have a higher right within me which is the dictator of my reason, binding upon me. Because I know certain facts of which the majority are ignorant, it becomes my duty at the risk of opposing social sanction to set myself against it.

It is the obligation of the minority of mankind to demonstrate its thought against the thought of the majority. The majority will repose in contentment behind its breastwork, it is the minority that is aggressive, that is, intellectual. It was Martin Luther that made a new Protestant civilization. In this intellectual strife it becomes necessary to brush away erroneous ideas. Man's imaginative nature is ever making erroneous ideas. It is the hothouse where most luxurious plants grow. The seeds of sentiment start out with the most gigantic expressions. Reason has to cut them off, to trim them down and make them into proper shape. It is this process that is going on. Then your obligation and your duty is to understand the facts, to understand the phenomena, and how can you do this unless you understand mediumship And when you find it stand by it as you would stand by your firesides were your liberty attacked.

When I say mediumship I do not mean the falsifier and trickster, the false kind of mediumship. I mean the true men and true women and the facts of Modern Spiritualism. But there is a kind of humbacked crookedness in some Spiritualists who see truth and fraud always in the same personality. There is a moral obligation for you to examine, to investigate, and when you find the true medium stand like men and face the world of conservatism, and it will establish the cause you love so well.

It is this want of courage that has made darkness and chaos. "I don't know whether that is the ghost man behind that medium or not. It is a strange thing." Dudeism, has got into Spiritualism, lately. The great Lord of the heavens above and the earth beneath save me from an intellectual, Spiritual dude. I want to see a man that dares to be free and bold and accurate and reasonable when he has found phenomena and facts, and to say, "I know that these facts and phenomena are real in nature, that mediumship exists for the phenomena are demonstrable." I advance with reason against the attacks of ignorance, bigotry and conservatism the world over.

Then these are the duties pertaining to the individual as far as relates to the growth of his intellect and the development of what I may call the new religion. But the world is large. You have to stand shoulder to shoulder, and there is an old axiom, built up by experiences, that united we stand, separated we fall. Truth will not necessarily prevail. Truth sometimes gets killed and things put back. It gets crushed when it is not strong enough or bold enough to defend itself. Spiritualism would have come in the last century, but it was not strong enough. Men were not intellectual enough for the problem. It would have come but for the French revolution, which affected human affairs in a great many ways. But the sword of the soldier and the ambition of the statesman frustrated it. It had grown partially already in America; and in the broader learning and liberty and in the sweeter spirit of commerce. This country, in future ages, will be the cradle of wider liberty and civilization; will the new religion of Spiritualism come up through individuality of opinion. But the right sort of organization and unity are necessary for the full development of this mighty Spiritual power. This organic union shall have no priest, because the foundation for a priest is gone. The foundation for the priesthood was this: "I a priest; I was designed before the foundations of the world to stand a priest between this man and the God of the Universe." Down, fraudulent priest, begone! Thy precedent was a lie from the beginning—never chosen to stand between God and man and pardon give. Oh, what a wicked thing this old religion is! What a fraud upon human ignorance and credulity. And yet from that fraudulent plan man has climbed to the headlines of worth and wealth. Man was crushed amid this overwhelming avalanche of darkness. He has arisen. He is victorious. He cries, "Begone, oh, Priest! Begone thou avelanche of darkness! I am free. I am living, and shall live forever!"

This foundation of union does not mean priest. It means liberty; it means reason; it means forbearance with one another; it means culture; it means the voice of all.

Fight on, fight on and look ahead; and in the language of another, the angel world is looking down upon you, assisting you, and seeking to unfold the powers within you. Heaven to-day is shouting o'er the ramparts of nature. Spirits expect that every man will do his duty.

Many applauses greeted the speaker during the delivery.

NO PHENOMENA--NO PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It is not often that I ask for permission, or space, in a public journal, to give verbal expression or "materialization" to my common-place thoughts—not deeming them of sufficient importance to cause any great ripple on the boundless sea of intelligence, and not in any sense different from those frequently expressed in a more poetical manner by able and experienced writers; but as I have many times noticed in some of our most talented and noted writers and speakers, the inclination to ignore or speak of as unimportant to high spiritual culture and knowledge, the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, I have felt that they were certainly very unwise and very short-sighted, whether spirits or mortals, and should be reminded that the world has not yet progressed beyond the A-B-C of Spiritualism, and needs positive proof of continuous life, which can only be furnished by phenomenal demonstrations. And every candid and sober-minded observer must perceive that this very foundation is the solid rock on which Spiritualism must stand, as a religion superior to all others in this matter-of-fact and doubtful age of the world; for it is a deplorable fact that nine-tenths of the members of all denominations, have doubts of a life hereafter, and are privately seeking evidence through phenomenal media of various phases to convince them beyond a doubt that the theories they have so long been taught by Christian ministers, in regard to continuous life, have really a foundation in fact, and the most earnest call to-day is for genuine phenomenal media, who can give positive evidence in an unmistakable manner, of individual life hereafter; and unless they can do this to the full satisfaction of investigators, they fail in converting the honest infidel and Christian, no matter how highly inspired they may claim to be, nor how eloquently they may express their fine-spun theories of spirit life and "our heavenly home beyond the veil."

In illustration of what I have said of church members, I will relate one instance of a prominent and well-informed practical physician of this city, who retained an honored membership in the First Presbyterian Church over thirty years, and died in its full fellowship and who became a thorough Spiritualist about five years previous to his departure, through the mediumship of Charles Watkins. Dr. B.'s interest was first awakened towards Spiritualism through conversation with Mr. Harter, who also loaned him the writings of Robert Dale Owen, Professor Hare, Epes Sargent, Dr. Eugene Crowell, etc., etc., which he read carefully, so that he well understood the theory and philosophy, and "wished it might all be true;" but, said he, "I must have the phenomena, as a final clincher to my already established faith." And, subsequently, Watkins was the instrument through whom he received messages from his departed wife and son, containing tests of a private character, written in their own peculiar style, both as to the chirography and the intelligence conveyed, and done in a manner (as he said) to preclude the possibility of a mistake, as he furnished his own slates and kept them in his own possession during the whole performance, so that there was no chance for deception. Mr. Harter was delighted with the Doctor's successful conversion, and urged him to make a public confession of his "change of heart" (or, more properly, change of base), but the Doctor excused himself by saying he was too old a man to commence a battle with his church by attempting to convince them of the truth of his convictions by explanations and theories, &c, and unless he could call to his aid such media as Watkins and others, to give them the same evidence he had received, it would be perfectly useless for him or any one else to undertake the task, as they, like him, would not be willing to accept the testimony of even one of their brethren against the generally accepted faith of their church.

Now, Dr. B. is a fair specimen of the many thousands of Christians and infidels who have been really forced to an acceptance of Spiritualism through physical phenomena. Then can we afford to let go this all-important "clincher" to our faith, which surely brings us the certain knowledge we seek? It has been called the A B C of Spiritualism, and in many cases has proved to be the X Y Z also.

There is no death, the poet sings—
 "What seems so is transition—
A change of form to spirit brings
 A more refined condition."
But is it not a fairy tale?
 Imagination's dreaming.
Assuring us that death's dark trail,
 In truth, is only seeming?
Our loved ones vanish from our sight,
 Their forms are laid away,
When touched by Death's destroying blight;
 To moulder back to clay;
The question, born of cold distrust,
 Doth even yet remain:
"If man shall die—as sure he must—
 Shall he then live again?"
The Christian and the infidel,
 Discussing, pro and con,
Avail us naught; for who can tell,
 Does life continue on?
The answer, if it comes at all,
 Must come through demonstration:
Then welcome all phenomena,
 From raps to inspiration,
The whole encyclopedia,
 Of psychic information.

A. H. H.

Written for The Better Way.

Seeds of Thought.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

The minds of our little children are likened unto a garden, and parents are the gardeners. In selecting the seeds of thought to be dropped into their tender mind, however beautiful and good they may be, take care that you do not crowd them too close, or they will be dwarfed and mixed so that they cannot bear good fruit. Their mind—like the plants of the garden—must be free to dance and smile in the open air and warm sunshine, listening to all the sounds of nature under careful culture, for—

Thus do we sow,
For weal or for woe;
And just as we go
We make friend or foe.
Then let us be kind
To child's gentle mind,
And drop seeds of truth
To feed tender youth.

Don't be too sensitive about children playing together for fear of being spoiled. Allow no contrasts between rich and poor. Don't try to conceal anything but explain it; you cannot imprison the mind; sooner or later it will break through by current of thought passing in newspapers, books, or by personal intercourse, and if the truth is kept from them for awhile, the soil only seems the more prolific. Do not punish, the bruised stem of a plant can not grow right; nurse it, train it, lead it gently on through its rough surroundings. Remember our own youth, and make it stronger in them. We can do so with care. Many a little drop of thought has grown in my mind that now bears in the senses of my nature the soft and tender tones of sympathy, wafted back to the gardeners who planted them there. I thank nature that I have a plat in her domain free to cultivate beautiful flowers of thought, which I sometimes hope give pleasure and encouragement to others.

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See ad in another column.

A Spirit's Testimony.

I have been told by a spirit whom I have ever found truthful and reliable, that Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was written under the inspiration of a band of humanitarian spirits, who, having the welfare of mankind at heart, desired to bring about a just and equitable state of society on our planet

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL.

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Dr. Dean Clark is ready to answer calls on the Pacific coast. Address care of Golden Gate.

Mr. Geo. H. Brooks may be engaged for the winter months. Address care of THE BETTER WAY.

Lyman C. Howe is open for engagements for the months of January and March following.

Address Bishop A. Beals at 216 Arrundel street, St. Paul, Minn., during the month of January.

Harrison D. Barrett, is open for engagements to lecture. Address 182 Grove street, Meadville, Pa.

Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee will lecture for the Society in Indianapolis, Ind., for the month of January, 1890.

Prof. J. Clegg Wright is open for engagements for the months of March and April 1890. Address Newfield, N. J.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 818 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 89 and 90.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade of Capac, Mich., is now ready for winter month engagements as lecturer. Terms moderate and references given.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson may be addressed at 583 Main street, Springfield, Mass., also desires engagements for the month of March, 1890.

Judge Featherstone is ready to answer calls to lecture. Terms moderate; correspondence solicited. Address for the present, San Marcial, N. M.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will make engagements for fall and winter week evenings for 6, 10 and 12 lectures. Address 52 Irving street, South Framingham, Mass.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight will be pleased to correspond with societies wishing to engage her services as a lecturer and test medium. Address Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mrs Maggie Stewart, platform test and clairvoyant medium, 281 East Main street, Piqua, Ohio, can be engaged for the winter months by societies in need of first-class talent. Address as above.

Rev. James DeBuchananne will speak in St. Louis and vicinity during the month of October. In Topeka, Kan., during November and December. Will be open for engagements for the season of 1890.

Dr. E. B. Russel, inspirational lecturer, wishes to correspond with Spiritualists who desire to have lectures in their locality, but have not sufficient financial means to accomplish the same, address 36 Winter street, Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless will lecture for Spiritualists of Santa Cruz, Cal., for the month of December and January. All communications to Dr. J. R. or Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless should be sent to the above address until further notice.

M. J. Viera, Indianapolis, is authorized to close engagements for Miss Nickerson in March next in the days of the week, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, I would be pleased to hear from any society or individual in this State who may desire her services at that time.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged in Galveston, Texas, during November; New Orleans, La., December; Florida and Georgia, January. Will rest at home in Philadelphia during February. Thence to Pittsburg for March: Indianapolis, Ind., April; St. Louis, Mo., May; Topeka, Kansas, June and July. Will accept calls in Colorado for August, and further west for September and the months following, in 1890 and 1891

Address them, 2234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry H. Warner, Inspirational Trance Lecturer and Test Medium, can be engaged for the month of January by societies in Illinois. In the months of February, March, April and May, he will speak for societies in New England. All letters for engagements in New England must be addressed to his agent, Frederick K. Wright, Attleborough, Mass. He speaks for the Peoples' Spiritual Society, of Chicago, the remaining Sundays of December. Address 53 Campbell Park Chicago, Ill.

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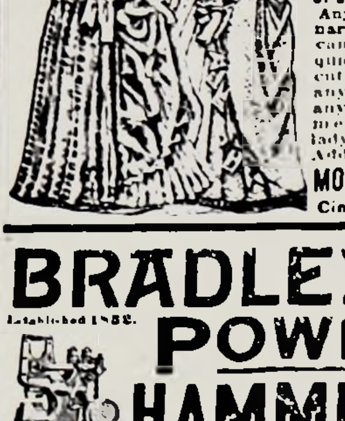

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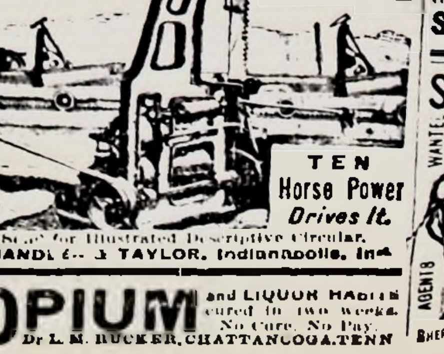

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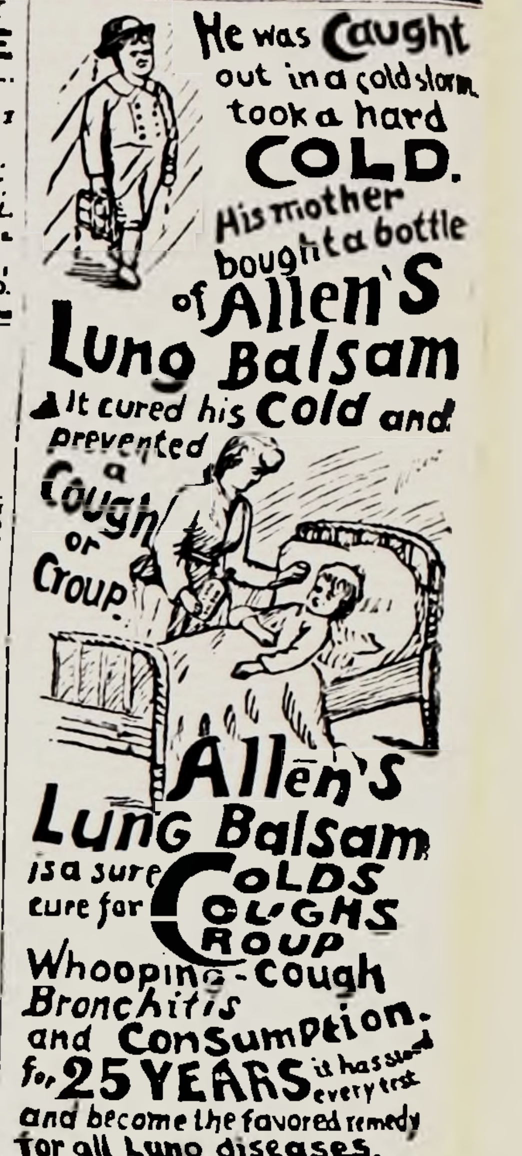

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